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SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1901.

SIXPENCE.



Volumnia (Miss Ellen Terry).

Coriolanus (Sir Henry Irving).

"CORIOLANUS" AT THE LYCEUM.

VOLUMINIA: "He turns away! Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees."

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

For some little time I have noticed a gloom upon my contemporaries. It is not the Budget; it is not the war. We take our finance, when it is oppressive, with Christian fortitude. As the war has resolved itself into a contest of endurance, the public sets its teeth, and remembers the maxim, "It's dogged that does it." But the gloom I speak of is æsthetic; if you like, call it pagan. It springs from the Londoner's discontent with his architecture; above all, with his statues. It makes him exclaim, with Sir Andrew Aguecheek, "O that I had followed the arts!" And the regret is not merely retrospective; it gives us twinges whenever we think of that formidable undertaking called the Victoria Memorial. More statuary! Not in single spies, but in battalions! There will be "groups." The poor old deserted Mall is to be turned into a gallery, in which the citizen will pace fearfully up and down, watching out of the corner of his eye to note whether any foreigner is obtrusively smiling. For we know our weakness when it comes to "groups." At this moment, I believe, many of us would cheerfully pay more income-tax if we could discover a seed which, when planted, would make a decent statue grow in a single night, like the beanstalk in the fairy tale!

A friend of mine, who has a vagrant fancy, tells me he has been collecting the views of the London statues about the projected Memorial. They all had detached minds. Cœur de Lion, who flourishes a big sword outside the House of Lords, swore that he would lop off any head that dared to criticise any monument of the most glorious descendant of the Plantagenets. My friend hastily explained that everybody was eager to do honour to the great Queen. It was simply a question of art. King Richard would have none of such quibbling, and invoked the malisons of several saints. King Charles I. seemed uneasy, and asked whether there would be any falling off in the annual garlands that decorate his statue. My friend assured him that, as Queen Victoria was a Jacobite, and had a great regard for his unfortunate grandmother, Mary Stuart, and would never allow Charles Edward to be called Pretender in her presence, it was probable that the garlands would bloom as usual. Hereupon King Charles made the audacious proposition that he should be moved from Whitehall, and provided with the most commanding pedestal in the Memorial. When this was related to Cromwell, he said, "That man Charles Stuart! Cutting off his head did not cure his intractable pride!" King George II. could not be induced to say anything more than "What! What!"; and the Duke of York, on his column, would talk of the war. "What you want in South Africa," he said, "is Me!"

I see that the *St. James's Gazette* tries to put a cheerful complexion on the affair by proposing that the Mall shall be made like the Champs Elysées, illuminated with coloured lamps, and dotted with comfortable restaurants. In these delights we might forget the "groups." Shall we add the Alcazar and the Café des Ambassadeurs, so that the voice of Dan Leno may toy with the evening breeze? I am all for these experiments. It is absurd that in our London summer the Earl's Court Exhibition should be the only spot where you can dine in the open air. There is a tea-house in Kensington Gardens; and after years of effort we achieved a newspaper kiosk in Hyde Park. But the suggestion that anybody should eat asparagus in these sacred enclosures would throw the First Commissioner of Works into apoplexy. The one stolid objection to all these proposals for the enlivenment of London is summed up in the police formula: "Bad characters." It is supposed that they alone would appreciate the coloured lamps and the restaurants in the Mall. Why it should be more difficult to deal with them in a great illuminated space than in any existing resort I do not know; but authority always starts with the assumption that any novel inducement to popular gatherings means disorder. This is British pessimism in its lowest deep. It argues briefly that we cannot enjoy ourselves in any rational fashion; that coloured lamps and restaurants in a park mean the superfluity of naughtiness, and a fresh and intolerable strain on all the guardians of morals.

Then there is fashion to be reckoned with; and here is a still graver difficulty. Could the "smart" people be persuaded to dine in the Mall, and stroll after dinner on the borders of the lake, listening to a band, and telling one another stories about the private life of the cormorant that has made a home for his family on a miniature rock? For if the "smart" people would not come, no first-class restaurateur would think it worth his while to start business. I am told that, as it is, few restaurants of the best kind can be made profitable in London unless they are attached to hotels. The wily investor will not risk his money on any other terms. But let us dismiss the "smart" society and its gilded appurtenances, and ask for nothing more with our coloured lamps than a decent meal. "A plain leg of mutton, my Lucy, I prithee get ready at three." Say lamb instead, and make the hour seven-thirty, and what more can a reasonable man desire? Perish the epicure, and let us have our sober

entertainment. Discard the wine-list, and give us beer—pure beer! I see that an Austrian doctor has tested the effect of beer on children by setting them sums in simple addition. He announces that even one glass of beer upset the arithmetic. Let him join us under the coloured lamps, and he will see us add up the bill with the utmost expertness and despatch.

I notice an amiable conflict in the *Times* between the advocates of classical education and the champions of modern languages. "An Old Salopian" attributes to the classics the keenness and versatility with which our administrators, especially in India, grapple with knotty problems. "A Public Schoolman" says that his classics were no use to him, that the routine of such studies is an affair of the dictionary and a literal translation, and that the mind acquires suppleness by coping with a living language, and not with a dead one. Perhaps both combatants remind you a little of Father William, and the effect of his law studies, coupled with legal arguments with his wife—

And the muscular strength that it gave to my jaw
Has lasted the rest of my life.

But the practical test is this: Is a classical education the best training for a professional or commercial career? Does the study of Latin and Greek at college enable a man to acquire German and French with facility? Is classical scholarship of permanent value to the average student, or only to the man of special tastes and aptitudes? The last question is, perhaps, the most searching. In *Blackwood's Magazine* a pleader for the classics scoffs at utility. The great boast of the Universities, he says, is their "uselessness." They are designed to grace, to polish, and to dignify the mind; not to equip it for any sordid struggle in life. From this standpoint, education has nothing to do with the position that England desires to maintain among the nations.

From a financial journal of great eminence I learn that the cost of national education has become too grievous to be borne. It ought to be confined strictly to the elementary teaching of children, and its cost ought not to exceed the threepence in the pound on the rates to which Mr. Forster's prophetic soul desired to limit it. Let a child be taught to read and write, cast up sums, and form some idea of what is going on, and then the State's responsibility should end. Such a system, says the financial journal, would cost comparatively little, and would give the child a foundation for future culture, without temptations to waste energy "in sport and in the reading of worthless trash." All this is curious, and the latter part is astounding. Why should a boy avoid the wastefulness of sport and the "reading of worthless trash," if he is left, after the elementary school stage, to provide his own culture? It is to keep his mind profitably employed that local authorities have set up continuation schools, because there is no secondary education worth the name. It is plain necessity that has forced the Education Office far beyond the limits imagined by Mr. Forster. Did Mr. Forster ever dream of free education? Bishop Creighton said of his countrymen that they have no instinctive love of knowledge; they are apt to regard educational reformers as "faddists." But I fancy that when they grasp what education means in the competition of the world, they will not be content with their present makeshifts.

There are moments when rural County Councils are pathetic. They think they can check the headlong career of the motor-car by fixing its lawful speed at ten miles an hour, and requiring every owner to sport a badge, large enough to catch the eye of the country constable. From such regulations you may guess that the County Councillors do not love the motor-car. They think it is a deplorable nuisance, driven by mad millionaires. But why not regard it as a cheap and swift conveyance for market produce to town? I read of one rustic speculator who has grasped this economic truth, and is now sending his milk to London by motor-car instead of rail. A vigorous development of this idea may end in making it as cheap to send butter to London from Suffolk as to send it from Denmark. And then the rural notables will repent them of those regulations on the speed of the new chariot.

More "ethical teaching": this time from the Peace Society. The worthy Mr. Cremer, who cannot understand why the whole world does not drop its swords and daggers and embrace arbitration, is much hurt by the martial ardour of British working-men. How account for this when Mr. Cremer has been instructing them for so many years? The reason is very simple. The working-man is a guileless creature who always accepts the judgment of his newspaper. The wicked capitalists had "sufficient cunning to buy up almost the entire Press." So the industrious wisdom of Mr. Cremer was defeated, and the brand that he would have snatched from the burning is consumed by the military spirit. Mr. Cremer's simplicity swallows this silly legend about the corruption of the Press by the financial magnates of South Africa. The British working-man is not so gullible, and he is not impressed by Mr. Cremer's moral elevation. His education may be imperfect; but his mother-wit saves him from these "ethical" teachers.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"CORIOLANUS," AT THE LYCEUM.

Records of the Lyceum revival of "Coriolanus" will probably note the occasion as one of grand spectacular display, not one of great acting. It is difficult to see why Sir Henry Irving should have selected a Shakspearian tragedy such as this, which, though it lends itself well to scenic magnificence, affords leading parts so entirely unsuited to either his own or Miss Ellen Terry's personality. The pictorial efforts of the production are, of course, uniformly beautiful, though it is questionable whether Sir L. Alma-Tadema's designs do not ascribe too superb an aspect to early Roman costume and architecture. Still, Mr. Hawes Craven, in landscape settings illustrative of the Roman and Volscian camps, and Mr. Harker, in illustrations of the Forum and the Capitol, have carried out the artist's ideas very strikingly; and the stage-management has achieved in the grouping of the plebeian crowd, in the receptions of Coriolanus, and especially in the meeting of the senators, all pure white and scarlet, some dazzling *coups d'œil*. But by way of compensation, the famous Lyceum actor-manager has been compelled to resort to wholesale compression of the text, and, in the meantime, as already remarked, the all-important characters of Coriolanus and Volumnia are wholly antipathetic to their respective interpreters. Henry Irving has not the youth or the vital force, the robust manner or the fiercely individualistic temper, needed for the rôle of Coriolanus; and his best moments were those in which personal distinction and quiet pathos must be displayed, notably in the death-speech and the reception of Volumnia's embassy. Miss Terry, again, has not the physique or the disposition of a Roman matron; she cannot emphasise either the iron nerve of the stern mother in the earlier scenes, or her vital collapse consequent upon Coriolanus's banishment; and the most charming feature of her rendering is the petitionary grace with which the actress urges Volumnia's final appeal. In fact, the main attraction of the Lyceum "Coriolanus" must certainly be described as scenic.

"THE WILDERNESS," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

The first half of Mr. Esmond's new comedy of sentiment, "The Wilderness" (that is, of London Society), is at once thin and stagey. The affected chatter of his fashionable Bond Street tea-drinkers and the pastoral vapourings of his rich idealist hero do not help to fill out or to render convincing a story which shows a young and devoted wife (obliged, it is true, to confess that she married for money) scarcely able to make her husband believe that he has won her love. Half-way through the play, however, a change comes over the conversation, and Mr. Esmond's *dramatis personæ* begin to talk with a refreshing and even bold note of actuality. A courtship scene in which the heroine discovers the value of a lover's protestations is exquisitely natural; and the subsequent series of situations which develop the misunderstanding of husband and wife and culminate in a passionate scene of reconciliation makes slightly preposterous but very affecting drama. Still, the St. James's play is a play of two characters only, and of these far the more attractive is not the hero, a singularly unsophisticated sort of wealthy Baronet, but the girl, who, at heart candid, gay, affectionate, on the surface only scheming and cynical, really invests the piece with the whole of its charm. The part was obviously written by the playwright for its delightful exponent, Miss Eva Moore, an actress of delicate sensibility who alternates moods grave and gay, arch and tender, with irresistible magic. In the companion rôle, Mr. Alexander may fail to realise the boyish ardour of the fantastic Baronet, but he is responsible in the last act for a fine piece of declamatory acting, and emphasises the sentimental appeal of what bids fair to be the theatrical success of the spring season.

"THE MANDARIN" AND "THE WAR SPECIAL."

Two plays of topical interest have seen the light during the last few days. One is a one-act comedieta serving as a first piece at the Criterion, and sufficiently described by its title, "The War Special"; the other, produced at the Grand, Islington, is, as its authors, Miss Alicia Ramsey and Mr. Rudolph de Cordova, frankly admit, a pure melodrama provided with a Chinese setting. In this work, the old conventions of persecuted heroine, gallant hero, and truculent villains are freely exploited. The big sensation of the play consists in the storming and eventual relief of the English Legation. The Chinese colour of the play is of a purely conventional character; but the acting of Miss Dorothea Baird, Mr. Charles Fulton, Mr. Harry Stanford, Mr. Granville Barker, Mr. de Cordova, Miss Helen Bancroft, and Mr. Yorke Stephens is sufficiently forcible to redeem the transpontine extravagances of the melodrama.

MR. ALBERT CHEVALIER'S RECITALS AT THE SMALL
QUEEN'S HALL.

Mr. Albert Chevalier continues his wonderful studies of character, and has made still further additions to his repertoire. A new sketch, "The Wings of Memory," is pretty rather than strong, and it must always be in his monologues and songs that Mr. Chevalier realises himself most fully. In his programme he is ably assisted by Miss Daisy Irvine, Mr. West, and Mr. Weist Hill.

REFORMS IN SPORT.

Sport has not escaped the agitations that have been disturbing other fields of our national activities. The year nineteen hundred, last of the old century, will be remembered in sporting tablets as the year of revolutions and reforms. The experiments of the M.C.C., though not very happy in themselves, are doubtless forerunners of others that will bring refreshment to jaded cricket. The Royal and Ancient, yielding to the clamour of the new and noble army of Southern "gowffers," have promulgated a revised set of rules. The introduction of the starting-machine is the most obvious, but one only, of the revolutions of the year on the Turf. We have just seen in the present year the abolition of the Royal Buckhounds, and it is evident that the sensational bags made nowadays by a few shooters have directed the frowning brows of the reformers to what most of them speak of ignorantly as the "battue." The "new humanitarianism" would seem at present to be the most powerful, though not the most reasonable, of reforming influences. But the others also are active. The last improvement on firearms has not yet been made; so that we may look, for example, for an increased element of marksmanship in future game-shooting. It is usual to contend that the introduction of that element has been a loss, not a gain, to natural history. But this is perhaps to mix up two separate, distinct things, and, at any rate, natural history itself affords a justification for the newer methods in shooting. Again, the game laws are not unassailable: they will be subjected in time, we may be certain, to reforms more or less drastic, and the more or less drastic will be the resulting changes in sport. And the mention of partridges is sufficient to suggest the obvious connection between sport and agriculture, which is not likely to be less close in years to come than it has been in the past.

We have not exhausted, however, all the causes of reforms in our sports. There are others, as, for example, the cleverness of the quarry. When the angler speaks of the fish having been educated, he is speaking literally. Trout know, so to say, every move on the board. This is no new thing. There have been artful fish from the days of Mr. Thomas Barker, and long before, and it is doubtful if in any essential (in minor matters they have done wonders) the fishing-tackle manufacturers have improved upon what our fathers told us. But it is truer every day that the more the fish compel the angler to delicate methods, the more does the angler make delicate methods, and none other, a point of honour. That is a finer spirit than the "new humanitarianism."

But it is the democratising of sport, an entirely new condition, that is the great cause of recent changes. A writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* elaborates the point ingeniously in regard to golf. The new rules of the Royal and Ancient acquiesce in changes in the game which are easy to follow. Golf has spread from Scotland to England, to America—to every corner of the globe, in fact, where it is possible to dig a trench (called a bunker), build a wall (called a hazard), and plant a flag (called a putting-green). That is change the first. Change the second is that whereas golf was a match between opponents, now it is a game which each man plays to his own cheek. Not ostensibly, for two men will still set out to play a match. But such is the lust for a record that while they are playing a hole-game, each is keeping a medal-play score for himself. So that there is not one match, but five: the first between the two men, for holes; two more, played by each man in strokes against Mr. Bogey; and two more still, played by each man against his own record. It may be merely a matter of national character, as the *Maga* writer seems to suggest, but when we reflect that golf, though a Scottish game, was not universally played in Scotland, and that now, when it is, it develops along the same lines as in England, we prefer to account for the change by the popularising of the game. The democratising of a game, not as a spectacle to take part in, but as an exercise to be watched, works greater wonders still. The spectator as an overwhelming element in sport is a new thing. Sir Walter used to describe himself—

No fisher
But a well-wisher
To the game.

That is an excellent attitude; but one can have too much of a good thing, and the number of "well-wishers who are no fishers" is excessive at present. Your popular well-wishers are ready enough to draw upon their pockets, but they must have fun for their money. That very often means, among other things, professionalism and a gate—especially a gate. Review once more the recent changes in sport, and it is wonderful how many the gate will account for.

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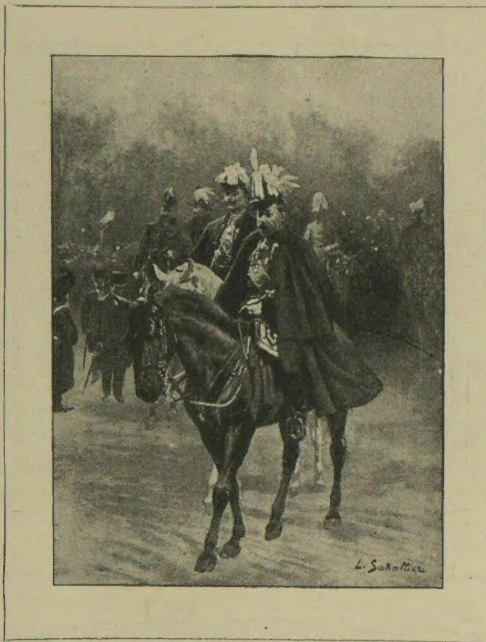
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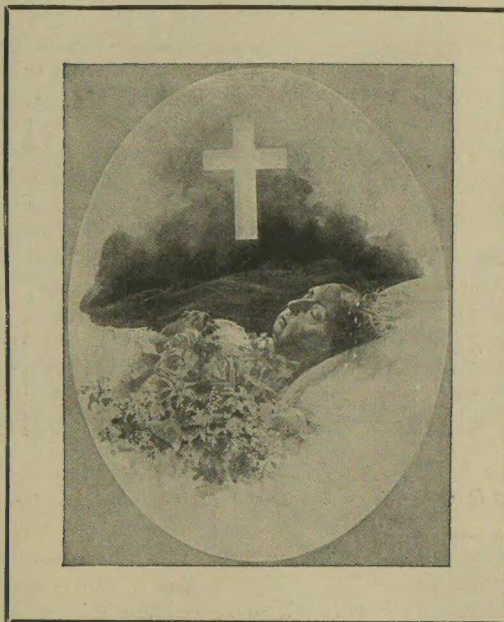
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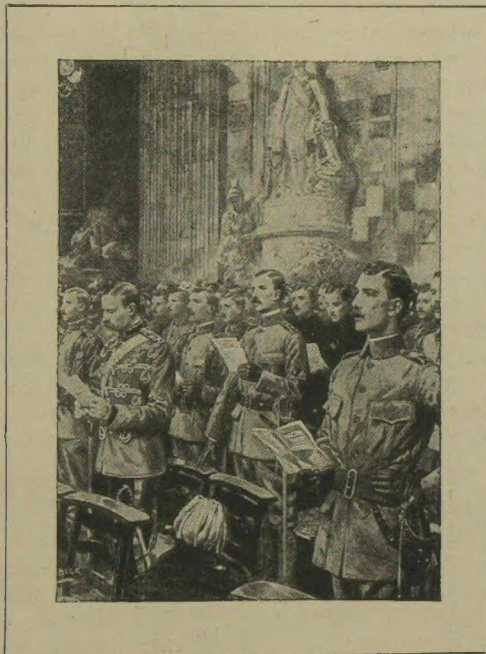
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F A M O U S S T O L E N P I C T U R E S .



MURILLO'S "IMMACULATE CONCEPTION."

Abstracted by Soult from the Hospital de los Venerables Sacerdotes in Seville.

MURILLO'S "BIRTH OF THE VIRGIN."

Abstracted by Soult from a Convent in Seville.

Crime is often the result of suggestion. It seems possible to trace the germ of the plot of the stolen "Duchess of Devonshire" to a world-famous theft in Spain some eighteen months before. Of all its treasures, Seville prizes most Murillo's painting of the "Appearance of the Christ Child to Saint Anthony of Padua" in the baptistery chapel of its Cathedral. With its eighteen feet of height and ten of width, it is the largest of the master's canvases, and had the added value of being painted in his inimitable "vaporosa" manner. The Duke of Wellington wanted to buy it for as much gold as would cover its surface, about £43,000. The picture was protected by curtains, and when on the morning of Nov. 5, 1874, the sacristan went to draw them, his heart turned sick at the sight that met his eyes. The figure of St. Anthony had been cut from the frame and was gone! The Government made a great effort, at once sending photographs and descriptions of the missing fragment to its representatives the world over; but at the height of the sensation the thief



CORREGGIO'S "PENITENT MAGDALEN."

Stolen from the Dresden Gallery in 1788; recovered in four days.

the Sacristy of the Hospital de los Venerables Sacerdotes in Seville, the Marshal stole the great "Immaculate Conception" of the Louvre, the best known of all Murillo's works.

In a Sevillian convent hung a "Birth of the Virgin," one of the most graceful and beautiful of Murillo's compositions: it went with the rest to grace the Soult collection.

The great full-length Velasquez portrait of Philip IV. was a theft by General Dessoles from the Palace at Madrid. It is now in the National Gallery.

In 1788 there disappeared from the Zwinger, in Dresden, Correggio's "Penitent Magdalen," Van der Werff's "Judgment of Paris," and a portrait by Seybold. The whole city assisted in the search. At the end of four days a box was found near the gallery containing the Seybold and Van der Werff, and this led to the recovery of the Correggio, concealed in the attic of a house in the poor quarter of the town. The paintings had been stolen simply for the jewels set in their frames.



MURILLO'S "CHRIST CHILD APPEARING TO ST. ANTHONY."

Stolen from the Baptistery of Seville Cathedral, November 5, 1874; recovered, October 30, 1875.

coolly walked on board a steamer at Cadiz with his plunder on his shoulder. On Jan. 2 of the following year, Mr. William Schaus, a prominent art-dealer of New York, was visited by a Spaniard calling himself Fernando Garcia, who told of a family heirloom, a genuine Murillo, that, under pressure of adversity, he wished to part with. Mr. Schaus recognised the widely sought St. Anthony, and negotiations for the purchase of the picture for \$250 were completed, and Garcia and the painting turned over to the Spanish Consul. The miscreant was taken to Havana, examined, and afterwards, for some reason, set at liberty. The fragment was carefully restored by the painter Cubells, and October 30, 1875, was observed *en fête* by the Sevillians in honour of the recovery of their treasure.

The Duke of Alcudia and General Dessoles were among those who enriched themselves during the Peninsular War at the vast Spanish storehouse of artistic wealth; but their acts were mere peccadillos compared with those of Marshal Soult. It may truly be said of him that he kept one eye on beautiful paintings and the other on the Duke of Wellington. The Marshal was not only a great connoisseur, but a keen man of business, and when in 1813 the French Government compelled the restoration to rightful owners of much of this stolen property, he was able to prove a clear title to his plunder. From



VELASQUEZ'S "PHILIP IV."

Abstracted by General Dessoles from the Palace at Madrid.

OUR ARSENAL AT WOOLWICH.



CASTING SIX-INCH SHELLS FOR NAVAL GUNS.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.

PERSONAL.

The King, before coming to town from Windsor to meet the Queen on her return from Denmark and Germany, received at the Castle a loyal address of condolence from the Military Knights of Windsor. On the following day, Sunday, His Majesty, who was accompanied by Princess Victoria, arrived at Marlborough House, and soon afterwards drove to Victoria Station to meet Queen Alexandra, their Majesties receiving an enthusiastic welcome from the crowds assembled on the route to Marlborough House. On Monday the King received the deputation of German officers, General von Moltke and Lieutenant Usedom and Colonel Surteis, from the Emperor William's Court who came to submit field-service uniforms and equipment for his inspection. Lord Roberts and General Sir Henry Trotter were present.

Mr. Eden Upton Eddis, a painter whose achievements belong rather to a bygone generation, was born nearly ninety years ago, and as an Academy student worked under Turner as a visitor, and was a Gold Medallist in 1828. Among the best known of his earlier subject-pictures were "The Sisters," "Ruth and Naomi," and "The Raising of Jairus's Daughter." But his chief employment was that of portrait-painter, in which capacity he had sittings from Macaulay and Sydney Smith. His pictures of

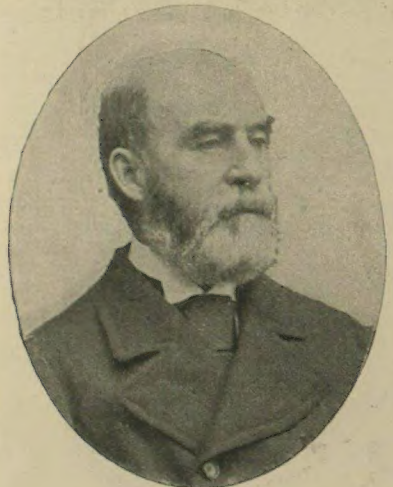


Photo. Robinson, Teddill.
THE LATE MR. EDEN UPTON EDDIS,
Portrait-Painter.

children were much praised, and, as in the case of "Going to Work"—the portrait of a child on the sands—secured a wide popularity. He was an exhibitor at the Academy for fifty consecutive years; and even after his retirement from the active practice of his profession, he continued to pass his time in his studio at Shalford, near Guildford. Mr. Eddis, who found an early friend and patron in the late Lord Overstone, was among the first members of the Athenæum, and lately ranked as Father of the Club.

Mr. Frederick Greenwood says that he, and not Mr. George Smith, was the originator of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The idea came to him when he was turning over the pages of an old copy of the *Anti-Jacobin*, bought at a bookstall. He took the idea to a publisher, but the negotiations fell through; and then he approached Mr. George Smith, who suggested nothing but the title, which Mr. Greenwood did not approve. Moreover, he was made editor against his wishes, as he wanted to see Mr. Richard Hutton in the post.

Admiral Sir George Greville Wellesley, who died on Easter Eve in his eighty-seventh year, was the youngest son of the late Hon. and Rev. Gerald Valerian Wellesley, Prebendary of Durham and a nephew of the great Duke of Wellington. In 1827 he entered the Navy; and in 1840, when serving on board the *Castor*, he took part in the attack on Caiffa, Jaffa, and St. Jeanne d'Arc. During the same operations he rendered signal service in throwing into the sea, in full view of five hundred men of the Egyptian army, five guns



THE LATE ADMIRAL SIR G. G. WELLESLEY,
Distinguished Naval Officer.

of a castle overlooking Caiffa; and when he commanded the guard-boats at Nacourra, he captured two officers and forty-three men who were distributing arms to the mountaineers. For this service he was decorated. During his long and distinguished naval career he served at the bombardment of Sveaborg, was Superintendent of Portsmouth Dockyard, Commander-in-Chief of the North American and West Indian Station, and Commander of the Channel Squadron. He was for five years Commander-in-Chief of the Royal Indian Marines, and was Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty from 1877 to 1879, when he was placed on the retired list with a good-service pension.

General French has been captured again. This time he was taken together with five hundred of his men. The War Office has thought it necessary to deny the story. What is the use? The Boers will go on capturing General French because they are greatly afraid of him; and tales of his capture do much to hearten the burghers and the burghers' friends in Europe.

Mr. Kruger's visit to America is postponed to "a suitable political opportunity." Perhaps it has dawned on his advisers that the journey would be a useless expense. Meanwhile, Mr. Kruger receives French interviewers, and with his hand on the Bible assures them that the British have committed "atrocities." His friends have now started a scare about a plot to murder him, and this, no doubt, will be traced to England.

Colonel Johann W. Colenbrander, in command of Kitchener's Fighting Scouts, is a man of many adventures. In business, he is Managing Director of the Colenbrander Matabeleland Development Company, and has held several positions of trust under the Chartered Company. Born at Pine-town, Natal, in 1862, he is of Dutch extraction, and is a linguist whose powers were put to the test when he acted as interpreter to the Matabele Envoys to England in 1889. He speaks Zulu like a native, is a friend of Lobengula, with whom, at the request of Mr. Rhodes, he remained while the Chartered Company's Pioneer Force passed through Matabeleland. He has seen service with the Natal Guides, and five years ago he organised and officered "Colenbrander's Boys." His address in times of peace is Bulawayo, Rhodesia; but latterly he has very often been "not at home."



COLONEL J. W. COLENBRANDER,
Commanding Kitchener's Scouts.

The recovery of Gainsborough's *Duchess* has started the theory that the portrait is not that of Lady Elizabeth Foster. After the death of Georgiana, the fifth Duke married Lady Elizabeth Foster. But before that happened Gainsborough was dead. He may have painted Lady Elizabeth Foster before her marriage to the Duke, or he may have painted Georgiana, or he may have painted neither. When the picture is exhibited, you will pay your shilling, and take your choice.

Sergeant Donald Farmer, of the 1st Battalion Cameron Highlanders, is to receive from the King the Victoria Cross. But a short time has elapsed since he did the deed of conspicuous bravery which wins for him the decoration henceforth to be associated with his name.

During the attack on General Clements' camp at Nooitgedacht, in December 1900, Lieutenant Sandilands, of the Cameron Highlanders, with fifteen men, went to the assistance of a picket which was heavily engaged, most of the survivors being already wounded. The enemy, hidden by trees, opened fire on the party at a range of about twenty yards, killing two and wounding five. Of these five Lieutenant Sandilands was one. He was perfectly helpless when Sergeant Farmer advanced to him, and carried him away under close and heavy fire, to a place of comparative safety. After that, Sergeant Farmer returned to the fighting-line, and, though he seemed to have a charmed life against bullets, was eventually taken prisoner by the Boers.

M. Waldeck-Rousseau's visit to Antibes has done him so much good that he is reported to be cured. This must be disappointing to the French Nationalist journal which announced with a great show of authority that his resignation of the Premiership was imminent, and that he would be succeeded by M. Delcassé.

The death of General John Cockburn Hood, in his seventy-eighth year, took place at his Scottish seat, Stainrigg House, Coldstream, Berwickshire. The third son of the late Mr. J. Cockburn Hood, he entered the Army when he was seventeen, and after forty years' service was placed on the Unemployed Supernumerary List. His record during that period includes active service in the Punjab Campaign of 1848-49, and during the Indian Mutiny. He commanded a wing of the 1st Punjab Infantry at the capture of the fort of Jhujjir, was present at the siege of Lucknow and the storming of the Begum's Palace; and was dangerously wounded when commanding the 4th Punjab Infantry in the assault on the final position held by the Moulvis.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE GENERAL COCKBURN HOOD,
Indian Mutiny Veteran.

General Hood received the special thanks of the Governor-General in Council for his services in the field. He married, in 1879, the daughter of Mr. S. Mackay, and widow of the Rev. P. G. Bentley, but became a widower some six years ago.

The Report of the Committee on the Civil List confirms the statements already made. The new Civil List is £470,000 a year, £85,000 more than its predecessor; but after certain deductions, the net increase is £67,000, and if the pensions of servants of the late Queen are set aside, the increase is further reduced to £42,000 a year. It is not surprising that the only member of the Committee who objected to the new arrangements was Mr. Labouchere, who proposed that Queen Alexandra should have £30,000 a year, instead of £50,000, and that no other change in the old Civil List should be made.

New Ministers for China are still, or have till lately been, the need of various European countries. Unlike our own Sir Claude MacDonald, M. Pichon, the well-known French Minister at Peking, is to leave the East altogether, and to return to Europe. His place at Peking is to be filled by M. Beau, who left Paris a fortnight ago on the steam-ship *Laos* for the seat of his future diplomacy. The portrait of his Excellency reproduces a photograph taken only a few hours before he left Paris, and is therefore, like himself, emphatically "down to date." The great development in the importance attached during the last months to Chinese affairs by the several Courts of Europe naturally accounts for the despatch of a man of first-rate talents to the Eastern capital, which has become for the nonce—and seems likely for some time to be—the scene of a sort of Parliament of the Western Powers.

It is said that Bishop Winnington-Ingram's appointment to the diocese of London was the result of a compromise between the King and Lord Salisbury. The King wanted to appoint the Bishop of Winchester, who declined the offer on the ground of physical infirmity. Then the King was in favour of the Bishop of Rochester, while Lord Salisbury favoured the Bishop of Newcastle. The story is interesting, but probably invented.

The pestilent weather has greatly irritated the tradesmen in Paris. One of them offers £2000 for a guarantee of "a fine month." Unluckily, science can only predict weather, not make it.

Lieutenant-General Alexander Robert Badcock, C.B., C.S.I., who has been appointed a member of the Council of India in succession to the late Sir Donald Stewart, is the third son of the late Mr. Henry Badcock, of Wheatleigh, Taunton. He was at Harrow under Dr. Vaughan; and in 1861 went out from Addiscombe to India, where he has had a now long and distinguished career. Joining the Indian Staff Corps in 1868, he has since held office as Commissary-General-in-Chief, and as Quartermaster-General in India. He received two brevets and a C.B. for his services in the Afghan War of 1878-80; and he was made a C.S.I. in 1895. He was principal Commissariat officer to Lord Roberts throughout the Kabul Campaign, including the famous march to Kandahar. Obviously General Badcock will bring to the Council of the Secretary of State for India a large store of ability and a very wide experience.

Mademoiselle Zéline, who bravely intercepted the bullet fired by her friend Vera Gelo at Professor Emile Deschanel, has died of her wound. Her funeral was the occasion of a remarkable demonstration of respect. What is to be done with Vera Gelo is not quite clear, but a French jury will probably acquit her on account of her grief for the dead woman. Irrelevant sentiment goes a long way in a French trial. Meanwhile the brother of the victim pays Vera Gelo a daily visit of consolation in prison.

In these days when a "catchpenny" ideal is too evident in our magazine literature, it is refreshing to find the old standards of literary excellence, apart from heaviness, upheld by *Chambers's Journal*. This publication, the oldest of the non-illustrated magazines except *Blackwood*, can still claim the charm of freshness and originality, which make it a force to be respected, especially in times when we are likely to be overwhelmed with reading which is not in a pecuniary sense alone cheap.



M. BEAU,
New French Minister to Peking.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL A. R. BADCOCK,
New Member of Council of India.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE TOULON FÊTES.

The fêtes at Toulon are said by some to be the forerunners, and by others the seal, of a Franco-Italian alliance. History perhaps hardly confirms the sanguine view sometimes taken by onlookers at national functions and interchanges of friendliness of the sort. Our own great International Exhibition of fifty years ago did not, for example, inaugurate a perpetual European peace. Nothing but good, though of smaller degree, can, however, come from such events as those which at Toulon last week added to the gaiety of two nations. Under the command of the Duke of Genoa, the Italian fleet entered the harbour of Toulon, and had a very cordial reception. President Loubet, on his way to greet the Duke, had a memorable journey. At Nice, where he placed a wreath on the tomb of Gambetta, visited the harbour and hospitals, and took lunch with the Council General of the Department, he received the gratifying news that the Russian fleet had put into Villefranche in order to salute him. This act of courtesy, needless to say, made a most favourable impression in Paris, and everybody praised the little speech in which Admiral Birileff drank "to the health of the President, to the prosperity of La Belle France, my second Fatherland, and to the glory of the French Navy and Army." M. Loubet arrived at Toulon on board the French ironclad *St. Louis*, which steamed down the line of Italian war-ships. Visits between the Duke of Genoa and the President were exchanged; and the arsenal, in which M. Loubet gave a banquet to the guests of France, resounded with words of amity. The Duke drank

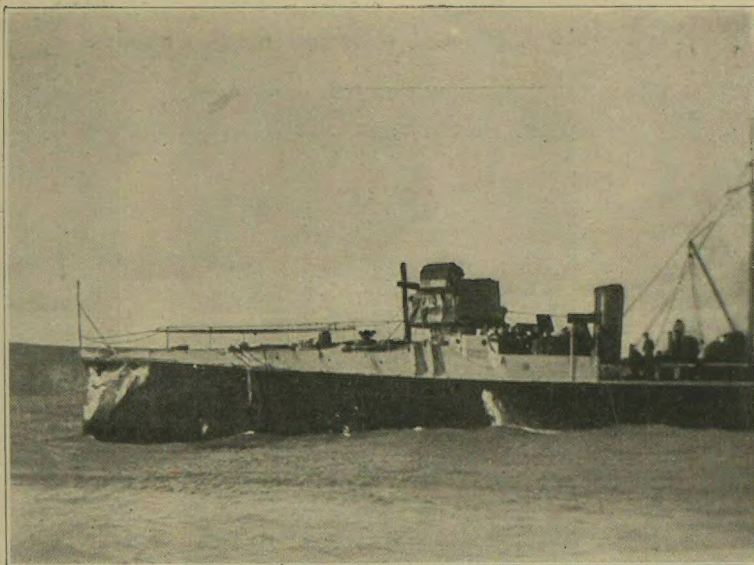


Photo. E. W. Millward.

THE TORPEDO-DESTROYER "DASHER," DAMAGED IN COLLISION.

F.G.S., of Uckfield. In a cavity within the boulder was found a full-grown toad, which must, when young, have entered the hole in the stone by a small aperture. There the unfortunate prisoner waxed to adolescence, and probably he may have died of chagrin on finding that he had delayed his exit too long, for the hole afterwards became silted up. The boulder, which is shown in section, and

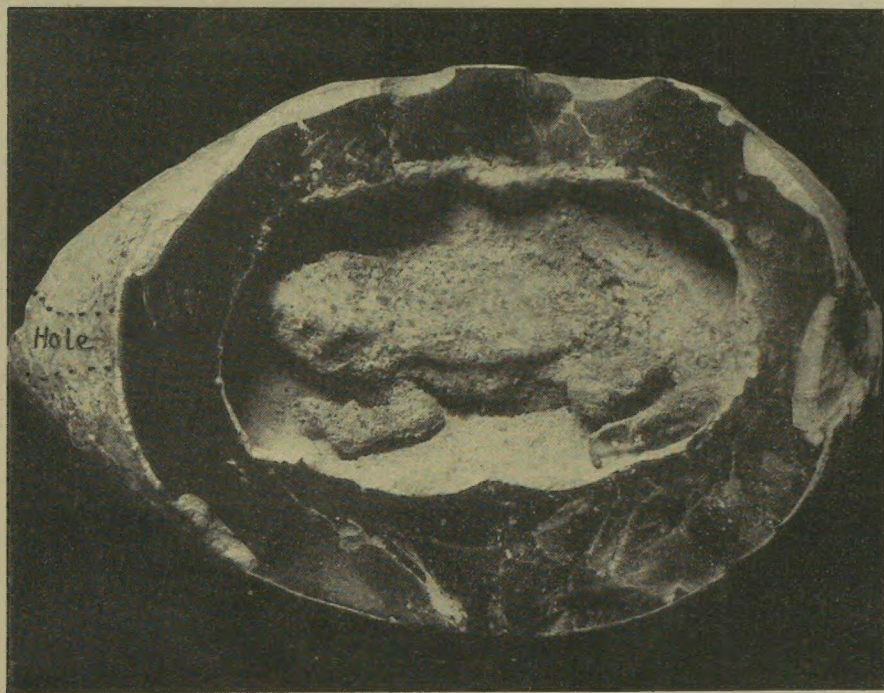
seven goals to four. The many spectators included the Duke of Argyll, President of the Southern Association. The North has now won the annual match for ten consecutive years, but the Duke was not too downcast to congratulate the winners on what he described as the best-played game he had witnessed since he left Canada. The difference between the Indian and the English methods of playing was also the subject of an allusion which was wholly complimentary to the latter. The lacrosse match was instituted in 1877, and has been played annually since 1882.

THE "DASHER" IN COLLISION.

On April 15, while several torpedo-boat destroyers were manœuvring off St. Alban's Head, one of the vessels, the *Dasher*, came into collision with another of the flotilla, and had her bows stove in. The *Archer* and *Angler* immediately escorted the damaged boat into Swanage Bay, where it was feared she might have to be beached, although steam and hand pumps were kept going continually in order to keep her afloat. The destroyer which collided with the *Dasher* was also very badly damaged, and put into Kimmeridge. The *Dasher* is a twin screw torpedo-destroyer of 225 tons. Her indicated horse-power is 3800 under forced draught.

CASTING SIX-INCH SHELLS AT WOOLWICH.

The casting of shells at Woolwich Arsenal is not, perhaps, the greatest sight of our chief military factory, but it is sufficiently interesting and picturesque. Our Artist has



A TOAD IN FLINT, DISCOVERED AT LEWES: THE BOULDER SPLIT.

In the possession of Mr. Dawson, Uckfield.

to "the President, the Navy, the Army, and the people of France," an order of precedence worth remarking. The President then referred to the fact that the Queen-Regent of Spain had sent "one of her fine ironclads to give a cordial greeting to France, the friend of Spain." Captain Diaz was duly complimented, and the health of the Spanish "King, Queen-Regent, Navy, and Nation" was enthusiastically honoured. The health of the French Navy itself was then proposed, with an allusion by the President to "the same spirit of honour, the same habit of discipline, the same passion for danger, establishing a noble brotherhood among the navies of all nations."

A TRAIN IN THE SEA.

On Wednesday, April 10, a goods train on the harbour branch of the North British line at Kirkaldy got beyond control. It dashed down the incline at a great speed, and the engine and three of the wagons plunged over the pier-head into the sea. The other part of the train remained on the pier. The engine-driver had a narrow escape, holding to his post to the last, and jumping clear only when he saw his position hopeless. Our Illustration shows the engine as it lies half-submerged in the sea. The work of removal is now going on.

A TOAD IN FLINT.

A remarkable flint boulder has been discovered at Lewes, and is now in the possession of Mr. Charles Dawson,

also with the pieces replaced, was exhibited at the last meeting of the Linnean Society, and is eventually to be placed in Mr. Henry Willett's collection at the Brighton Museum.

LACROSSE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

In the North v. South lacrosse match at the Crystal Palace on Saturday afternoon last week, the North won by



A TOAD IN FLINT: THE HOLLOW BOULDER WITH THE PIECES REPLACED.

Showing the hole by which the toad is supposed to have entered.

depicted the casting of 6-inch shells for naval guns. On the ground the moulds stand in groups of about a dozen, and the molten metal is brought from the furnace on trolleys in a cauldron, which is then slung by chains from a crane. As the cauldron is brought opposite each mould, two men tilt the vessel up with the two-handled levers attached to each side, and pour in the metal until it is level with the top of the mould. After the shell has cooled (a process which takes a considerable time), it is removed from the matrix. The casting is, of course, very rough, and has to be turned on a lathe, trimmed, and fitted before it acquires the splendid finish and polish which characterise the modern projectile.

RESTORATION AT CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL.

The north-west tower of Chichester Cathedral, which was dedicated on Tuesday by the Archbishop of Canterbury in presence of a large congregation, has been rebuilt at a cost of £8000. The old tower is supposed to have fallen about the year 1634, and an effort to rebuild, made some time ago, was frustrated by the more immediate need for restoring and strengthening the existing structure. The design prepared by the late Mr. J. L. Pearson, with certain modifications, has been ultimately carried out by his son Mr. Frank Pearson. The tower is 100 ft. high, about 34 ft. square, is open to the Cathedral, and has taken between two and three years to erect.

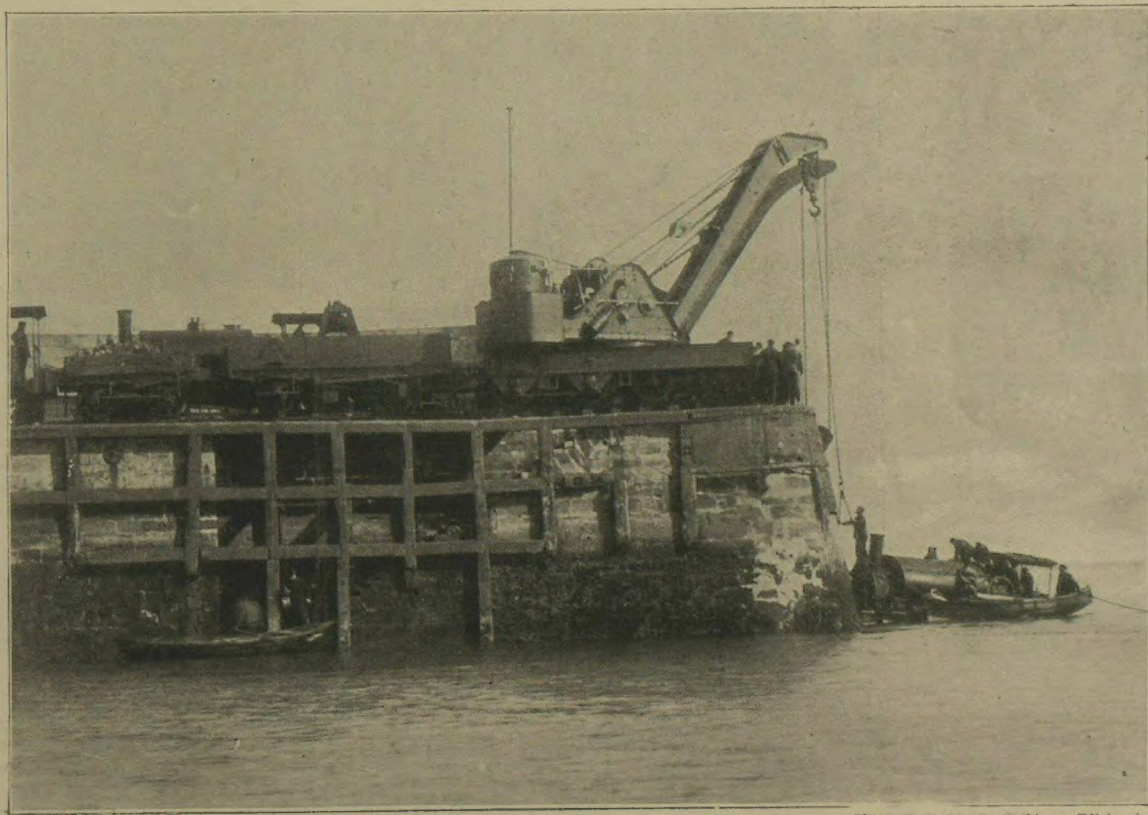


Photo. supplied by D. Mathieson, Edinburgh.

A TRAIN IN THE SEA: CURIOUS RAILWAY ACCIDENT AT KIRKALDY PIER.

CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL AND ITS NEW NORTH-WEST TOWER.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G. HEYS-JONES, EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE SPECIFIED.

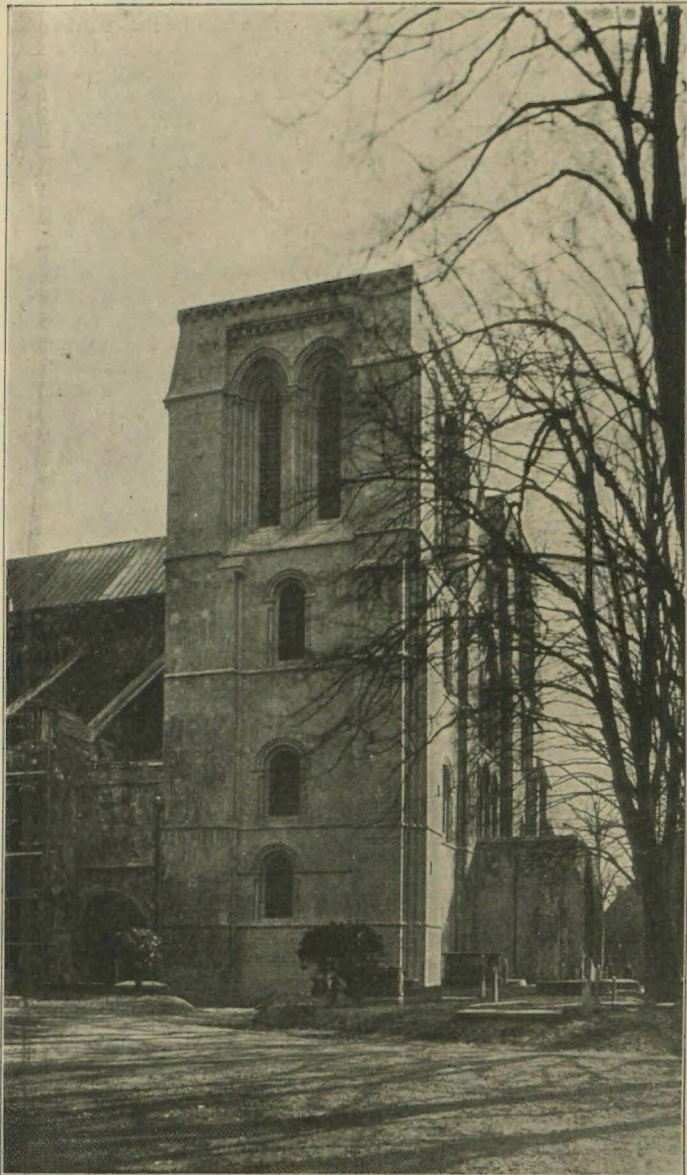
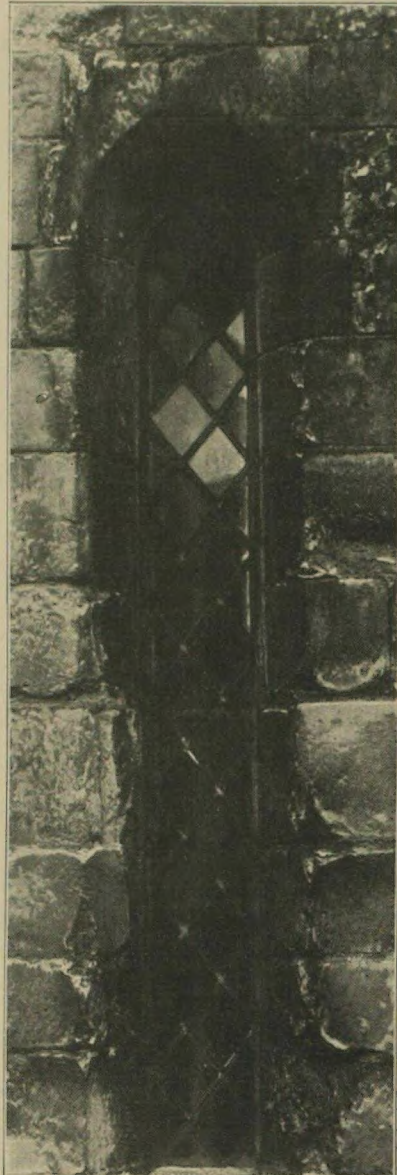
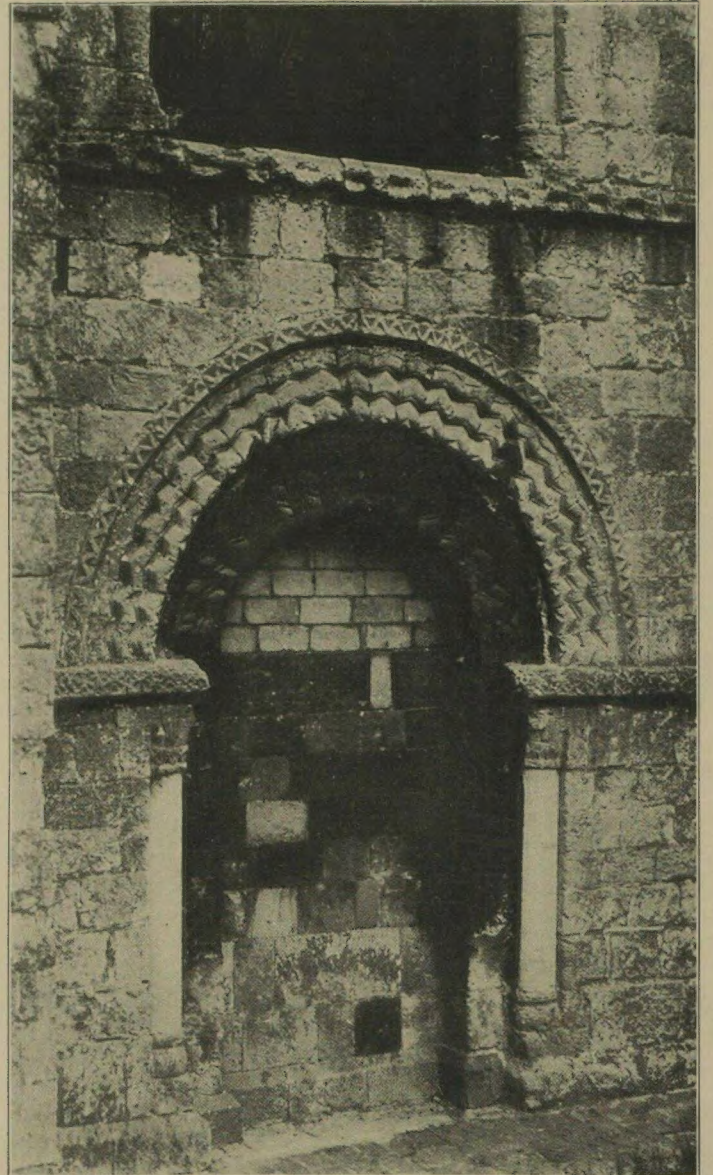


Photo. C. Lanyon.

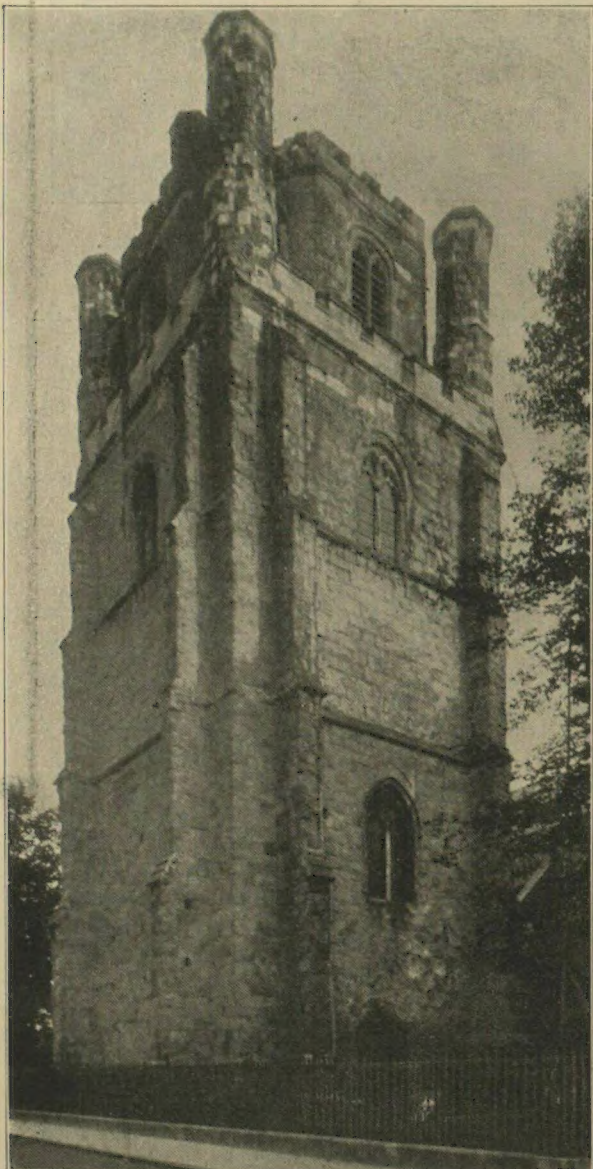
THE NEW NORTH-WEST TOWER,
DEDICATED BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY ON APRIL 16.



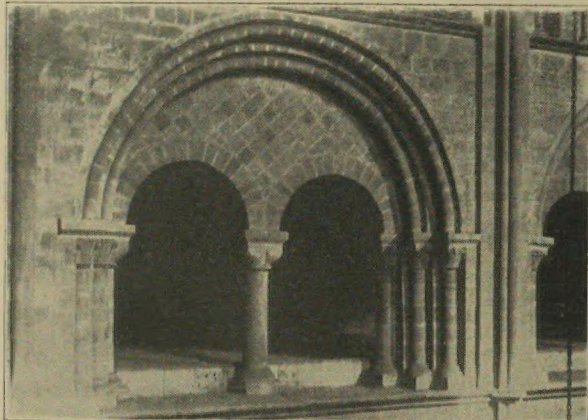
THE DAGGER WINDOW.



THE NORMAN DOORWAY.



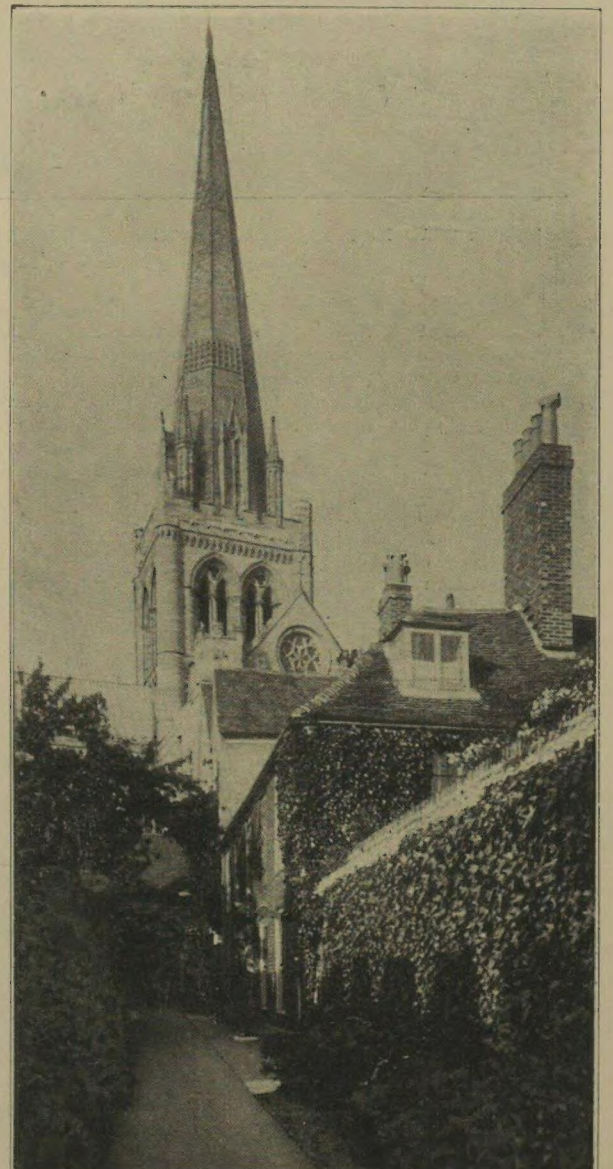
THE CAMPANILE.



NORMAN ARCHES IN THE TRIFORIUM.



THE SAXON MONUMENT.



THE BISHOP'S WALK.

The Would-be-Goods.

THE BENEVOLENT BAR.

By E. NESBIT.

Illustrated by Arthur H. Buckland.

THE tramp was very dusty about the feet and legs, and his clothes were very ragged and dirty, but he had cheerful twinkly grey eyes, and he touched his cap to the girls when he spoke to us, though as little as though he would rather not.

We were on the top of the big wall of the Roman Ruin in the Three Tree Pasture. We had just concluded a severe siege with bows and arrows—the ones that were given us to make up for the pistol that was confiscated after the sad, but not sinful, occasion when it shot a fox.

To avoid accidents that you would be sorry for afterwards, Oswald, in his thoughtfulness, had decreed that everyone was to wear wire masks, with only the eyes open.

Luckily there were plenty of these, because a man who lived in the Moat House once went to Rome, where they throw hundreds-and-thousands at each other in play, and call it a Comfit Battle, or Battaglia di Confetti (that's real Italian). And he wanted to get up that sort of thing among the village people, but they were too beastly slack, so he chucked it.

And in the attic were the wire masks he brought home with him from Rome, which people wear to

looking he sneaked up the wall at the back and shoved Oswald off, and fell on top of him. So that the fort, now it had lost its gallant young leader, the life and soul of the besieged party, was of course soon overpowered and had to surrender.

Then we sat on the top, and at some point Albert's uncle brought us a bag of from Braidstone when he went to fetch away the Roman pottery we tried to sell the Antiquities with.

The battle was over, and peace reigned among us as we sat in the sun on the big wall and looked at the fields, all blue and swimming in the heat. We saw the tramp coming through the beet-field. He made a dusty blot on the fair scene.

When he saw us he came close to the wall, and touched his cap, as I have said, and remarked—

"Excuse me interrupting of your sports, young gentlemen and ladies, but if you could so far oblige as to tell a labouring-man the way to the nearest pub. It's a dry day, and no error."

"The Rose and Crown is the best pub," said Dickie; "it's about a mile, if you go by the field-path."

long, deerhound legs), and the position was a strong one, and easy to defend. Besides, the tramp did not look like that bad sailor, nor talk like it.

Alice nudged Oswald, and said something about Sir Philip Sidney and the tramp's need being greater than his; so Oswald was obliged to go to the hole in the top of the wall where we store provisions during sieges, and get out the bottle of ginger-beer which he had gone without when the others had theirs, so as to drink it when he got really thirsty.

Meanwhile, Alice said—

"We've got some ginger-beer, my brother's getting it. I hope you won't mind drinking out of our glass. We can't wash it, you know, unless we rinse it out with a little ginger-beer."

"Don't ye do it, Miss," he said eagerly. "Never waste good liquor on washing."

The glass was beside us on the wall. Oswald filled it with ginger-beer and handed down the foaming tankard to the tramp. He had to lie on his young stomach to do this.

The tramp was really quite polite—one of Nature's



He went out and sat with our feet in the stream.

"Lor-love-a-duck," said the tramp, "a mile's a long way; and walking's a dry job this ere weather."

We said we agreed with him. "Upon my sacred?" said the tramp, "if there was a pump handy I believe I'd take a turn at it; I would indeed, so help me if I wouldn't, though water always upsets me and makes my 'and shaky."

We had not cared much about tramps since the adventure of the villainous sailor-man and the Tower of Mystery; but we had the dogs on the wall with us (Lady was awfully difficult to get up, on account of her

gentlemen—and a man as well, we found out afterwards. He said—

"Here's to you!" before he drank. Then he drained the glass till the rim rested on his nose.

"Swelp me, but I was dry," he said. "Don't seem to matter much what it is this weathcr, do it, so long as it's suthing wet? Well, here's thanking you."

"You're very welcome," said Dora. "I'm glad you liked it."

"Like it?" said he. "I don't suppose you know what it's like to have a thirst on you. Talk of free schools and free lib'ries—and free baths, wash-houses, and

prevent the nasty comfits getting in their mouths and eyes.

So we were all armed to the teeth with masks and arrows, but in attacking or defending a fort your real strength is not in your equipment, but in your power of shove. Oswald, Alice, Noël, and Denny defended the fort. We were much the strongest side, but that was how Dickie and Oswald picked up.

The others got in, it is true, but that was only because an arrow hit Dickie on the nose, and it bled quarts as usual, though hit only through the wire mask. Then he put into dock for repairs, and while the defending party weren't

such! Why don't someone start *Free Drinks*? He'd be a hero, he would. I'd vote for him any day of the week, and one over. Ef yer don't objec', I'll set down a bit and put on a pipe."

He sat down on the grass and began to smoke. We asked him questions about himself, and he told us many of his secret sorrows—especially about there being no work nowadays for an honest man. At last he dropped asleep in the middle of a story about a vestry he worked for that hadn't acted fair and square by him like he had by them, or it (I don't know if vestry is singular or plural), and we went home. But before we went we held a hurried council and collected what money we could from the little we had with us (it was ninepence-halfpenny), and wrapped it in an old envelope Dickie had in his pocket, and put in gently on the billowing middle of the poor tramp's sleeping waistcoat, so that he would find it when he woke. None of the dogs said a single syllable while we were doing this, so we knew they believed him to be poor but honest, and we always find it safe to take their word for things like that.

As we went home a brooding silence fell upon us. We found out afterwards that those words of the poor tramp's had sunk deep in all our hearts, and rankled there.

After dinner we went out and sat with our feet in the stream. People tell you it makes your grub disagree with you to do this just after meals, but it never hurts us. There is a fallen willow across the stream that just seats the eight of us, only the ones at the end can't get their feet into the water properly because of the bushes, so we keep changing places. We had got some liquorice-root to chew. This helps thought. Dora broke a peaceful silence with this speech—

"Free drinks."

The words awoke a response in every breast.

"I wonder someone doesn't," H. O. said, leaning back till he nearly toppled in, and was only saved by Oswald and Alice at their own deadly peril.

"Do, for goodness' sake, sit still," observed Alice.

"It would be a glorious act; I wish we could."

"What! sit still?"

"No, my child," replied Oswald, "most of us can do that when we try. Your angel sister was only wishing to set up free drinks for the poor and thirsty."

"Not for all of them," Alice said—"just a few. Change places now, Dickie. My feet aren't properly wet at all."

It is very difficult to change places safely on the willow. The changers have to crawl over the laps of the others, while the rest sit tight and hold on for all they're worth. But the hard task was accomplished, and then Alice went on—

"And we couldn't do it for always—only a day or two, just while our money held out. Tower of Babel lemonade's the best, and you get a jolly lot of it for your money, too. There must be a great many sincerely thirsty persons go along the Dover Road every day."

"It wouldn't be bad. We've got a little chink between us," said Oswald.

"And then think how the poor grateful creatures would linger and tell us about their inmost sorrows. It would be most frightfully interesting. We could write all their agonised life histories down afterwards, like *All the Year Round* Christmas Numbers. Oh, do let's!"

Alice was wriggling so with earnestness that Dickie thumped her to make her calm.

"We might do it—just for one day," Oswald said; "but it wouldn't be much—only a drop in the ocean compared with the enormous dryness of all the people in the whole world. Still, every little helps, as the mermaid said when she cried into the sea."

"I know a piece of poetry about that," Denny said—

"Small things are best.
Care and unrest
To wealth and rank are given;
But little things
On little wings—

do something or other—I forget what; but it means the same as Oswald was saying about the mermaid."

"What are you going to call it?" asked Noël, coming out of a dream.

"Call what?"

"The Free Drinks game."

"It's a horrid shame
If the Free Drinks game
Doesn't have a name.
You would be to blame
If anyone came
And —"

"Oh, shut up!" remarked Dickie. "You've been making that rot up all the time we've been talking instead of listening properly." Dickie hates poetry. I don't mind it so very much myself, especially Macaulay's and Kipling's and Noël's.

"There was a lot more: 'lame,' and 'dame,' and 'flame,' and 'same,' and things, and now I've forgotten it," Noël said in gloom.

"Never mind," Alice answered; "it'll come back to you in the silent watches of the night; you see if it doesn't. But really, Noël's right. It ought to have a name."

"Free Drinks Company."

"Thirsty Travellers' Rest."

"The Travellers' Joy."

These names were suggested, but not cared for extra.

Then someone said, I think it was Oswald—

"Why not The House Beautiful?"

"It can't be a house—it must be in the road. It'll only be a stall."

"The Stall Beautiful is simply silly," Oswald said.

"The Bar Beautiful, then," said Dickie, who knows what the Rose and Crown bar is like inside, which, of course, is hidden from girls.

"Oh, wait a minute," cried Denny, snapping his fingers like he always does when he is trying to remember things. "I thought of something, only Daisy tickled me and it's gone. I know—let's call it the Benevolent Bar!"

It was exactly right, and told the whole truth in two words. "Benevolent" showed it was free, and "Bar" showed what was free—i.e., things to drink. The "Benevolent Bar" it was.

We went home at once to prepare for the morrow—for, of course, we meant to do it the very next day. Procrastination is you know what, and delays are dangerous. If we had waited long we might have happened to spend our money on something else.

The utmost secrecy had to be observed, because Mrs. Pettigrew hates tramps. Most people do who keep fowls. Albert's uncle was in London till the next evening, so we could not consult him; but we know he is always chock-full of intelligent sympathy with the poor and needy.

Acting with the deepest disguise, we made an awning to cover the Benevolent Bar keepers from the searching rays of the monarch of the skies. We found some old striped sun-blinds in the attic, and the girls sewed them together. They were not very big when they were done, so we added the girls' striped petticoats. I am sorry their petticoats occur so constantly in my narrative; but they really are very useful, especially when the band is cut off. The girls borrowed Mrs. Pettigrew's sewing-machine: they could not ask her leave without explanations, which we did not wish to give just then, and she had lent it to them before. They took it into the cellar to work it, so that she should not hear the noise, and ask bothering questions. They had to balance it on one end of the beer-stand. It was not easy. While they were doing the sewing, we boys went out and got willow-poles and chopped the twigs off, and got ready as well as we could to put up the awning.

When we returned a detachment of us went down to the shop in the village for Tower of Babel lemonade. We bought seven-and-sixpence worth; then we made a great label to say what the bar was for. Then there was nothing else to do except to make rosettes out of a blue sash of Daisy's, to show we belonged to the Benevolent Bar.

The next day was as hot as ever. We rose early from our innocent slumbers, and went out to the Dover Road to the spot we had marked down the day before. It was at a cross-roads, so as to be able to give drinks to as many people as possible.

We hid the awning and poles behind the hedge, and went home to brekker.

After brek, we got the big zinc bath they wash clothes in, and after filling it with clean water we just had to empty it again because it was too heavy to lift. So we carried it vacant to the trysting-spot, and left H. O. and Noël to guard it while we went and fetched separate pails of water—very heavy work, and no one who wasn't really benevolent would have bothered about it for an instant. Oswald alone carried three pails. So did Dickie and Denny. Then we got rolled down some empty barrels, and stood up three of them by the roadside and put planks on them. This made a very first-class table, and we covered it with the best tablecloth we could find in the linen-cupboard. We brought out several glasses and some teacups (not the best ones—Oswald was firm about that), and the kettle and spirit-lamp and the teapot, in case any weary tramp-woman fancied a cup of tea instead of Tower of Babel. H. O. and Noël had to go down to the shop for tea. They need not have grumbled; they had not carried any of the water. And their having to go the second time was only because we forgot to tell them to get some real lemons to put on the Bar to show what the drink would be like when you got it. The man at the shop kindly gave us "tick" for the lemons, and we cashed up out of our next week's pocket-money.

Two or three people passed while we were getting things ready, but no one said anything except the man who said—

"Bloomin' Sunday-school treat!"

And as it was too early in the day for anyone to be thirsty, we did not stop the wayfarers to tell them their thirst could be slaked without cost at our Benevolent Bar.

But when everything was quite ready, and our blue rosettes fastened on our breasts over our benevolent hearts, we stuck up the great placard we had made with "Benevolent Bar. Free Drinks to all Weary Travellers," in white wadding on red calico, like Christmas decorations in church. We had meant to fasten this to the edge of the awning, but we had to pin it to the front of the tablecloth, because, I am sorry to say, the awning went wrong from the first. We could not drive the willow-poles into the road—it was much too hard; and in the ditch it was too soft, besides being no use. So we had just to cover our benevolent heads with our hats, and take it in turns to go into the shadow of the tree on the other side of the road. For

we had pitched our table on the sunny side of the way, of course, relying on our broken-reed-like awning, and wishing to give it a fair chance.

Everything looked very nice, and we longed to see somebody really miserable come along, so as to be able to alleviate their distress.

A man and woman were the first: they stopped and stared, but when Alice said, "Free drinks! Free drinks! Aren't you thirsty?" they said, "No, thank you," and went on. Then came a person from the village; he didn't even say "Thank you" when we asked him, and Oswald began to fear it might be like the awful time when we wandered about on Christmas Day, trying to find poor persons and persuade them to eat our Conscience Pudding.

But a man in a blue jersey and a red bundle eased Oswald's fears by being willing to drink a glass of lemonade, and even to say, "Thank you, I'm sure," quite nicely.

After that it was better. As we had foreseen, there were plenty of thirsty people walking along the Dover Road, and even some from the cross-road.

We had had the pleasure of seeing nineteen tumblers drained to the dregs ere we tasted any ourselves. Nobody asked for tea.

More people went by than we gave lemonade to. Some wouldn't have it because they were too grand. One man told us he could pay for his own liquor when he was dry, which, praise be, he wasn't at present; and others asked if we hadn't any beer, and when we said "No," they said it showed what sort we were, as if the sort was not a good one, which it is.

And another man said: "Slops again! You never get nothing for nothing, not this side Heaven, you don't. Look at the bloomin' blue ribbon on 'em!" And went on quite sadly without having a drink.

Our Pig-man, who helped us on the Tower of Mystery day, went by, and we hailed him, and explained it all to him, and gave him a drink and asked him to call as he came back. He liked it all, and said we were a real good sort. How different from the man who wanted the beer! Then he went on.

One thing I didn't like, and that was the way boys began to gather. Of course, we could not refuse to give drinks to any traveller who was old enough to ask for it; but when one boy had had three glasses of lemonade, and asked for another, Oswald said—

"I think you've had jolly well enough. You can't be really thirsty after all that lot."

The boy said: "Oh, can't I? You'll just see if I can't," and went away. Presently he came back with four other boys, all bigger than Oswald. And they all asked for lemonade. Oswald gave it to the four new ones, but he was determined in his behaviour to the other one, and wouldn't give him a drop. Then the five of them went and sat on a gate a little way off and kept laughing in a nasty way, and whenever a boy went by they called out—

"I say, 'ere's a go!" and as often as not the new boy would hang about with them. It was disquieting; for though they had nearly all had lemonade, we could see it had not made them friendly.

A great glorious glow of goodness gladdened (those "g's" all together are called alliteration) our hearts when we saw our own tramp coming down the road. The dogs did not growl at him as they had at the boys or the beer-man. (I did not say before that we had the dogs with us, but of course we had, because we had promised never to go out without them.)

Oswald said, "Hullo!" and the tramp said, "Hullo!" Then Alice said: "You see, we've taken your advice; we're giving free drinks. Doesn't it all look nice?"

"It does that," said the tramp. "I don't mind if I do."

So we gave him two glasses of lemonade succeeding, and thanked him for giving us the idea. He said we were very welcome, and if we'd no objections he'd sit down a bit and put on a pipe. He did, and after talking a little more he fell asleep. Drinking anything seemed to end in sleep with him. I always thought it was only beer and things made people sleepy, but he was not so. While he was asleep he rolled into the ditch, but it did not wake him up.

The boys were getting very noisy, and they began to shout things and to make silly noises with their mouths, and when Oswald and Dickie went over to them and told them to just chuck it they were worse than ever. I think perhaps Oswald and Dickie might have fought and settled them—though there were eleven; yet back to back you can always do it against overwhelming numbers in a book—only Alice called out—

"Oswald, here's some more—come back."

We went. Three big men were coming down the road, very red and hot, and not amiable-looking. They stopped in front of the Benevolent Bar and slowly read the wadding and red-stuff label.

Then one of them said he was blessed, or something like that; and another said he was too. The third one said: "Blessed or not, a drink's a drink. Blue-ribbon, though, by —" (a word you ought not to say, though it is in the Bible and the Catechism as well); "let's have a liquor, little missy."

The dogs were growling, but Oswald thought it best not to take any notice of what the dogs said, but to give these men each a drink. So he did. They drank, but not as if they cared about it very much; and then they set

their glasses down on the table, a liberty no one else had entered into, and began to try and chaff Oswald. Oswald said in an undertone to H. O.—

"Just take charge. I want to speak to the girls a sec. Call if you want anything." And then he drew the others away to say he thought there'd been enough of it, and, considering the boys and the new three men, perhaps we'd better chuck it and go home. We'd been benevolent nearly four hours, any way.

While this conversation and the objections of the others were going on, H. O. perpetuated an act which nearly wrecked the Benevolent Bar.

Of course Oswald was not an eye—or ear—witness of what happened, but from what H. O. said in the calmer moments of later life, I think this was about what happened—

One of the big disagreeable men said to H. O.—

"'Ain't got such a thing as a drop o' spirit, 'ave yer?"

H. O. and smelt it, "I'd chuck the whole show over the hedge, so I would, and you young gutter-snipes after it, so I wouldn't."

Oswald saw in a moment that in point of strength, if not numbers, he and his party were outmatched, and the unfriendly boys were drawing gladly near. It is no shame to signal for help when in distress; the best ships do it every day. Oswald shouted "Help, help!" Before the words were out of his brave, yet trembling lips, our own tramp leapt like an antelope from the ditch, and said—

"Now then, what's up?"

The biggest of the three men immediately knocked him down. He lay still.

The biggest then said: "Come on. Any more of you? Come on!"

Oswald was so enraged at this cowardly attack that he actually hit out at the big man, and he really got one

him. He had gone and fetched them to take care of us if anything unpleasant occurred. It was very thoughtful, and just like him.

"Fetch the police," cried the Pig-man in noble tones, and H. O. started running to do it. But the scoundrels struggled from under Dickie and our tramp; shook off the dogs and some bits of trouser, and fled heavily down the road.

Our Pig-man said "Get along home!" to the disagreeable boys and "Shoo'd" them as if they were hens, and they went. H. O. ran back when they began to go up the road, and there we were, all standing breathless and in tears on the scene of the late desperate engagement. Oswald gives you his word of honour that his and Dickie's tears were tears of pure rage. There are such things as tears of pure rage. Anyone who knows will tell you so.

We picked up our tramp, and bathed the lump on his forehead with lemonade. The water in the zinc



The man took a great drink, and then began to swear.

H. O. said, no, we hadn't; only lemonade and tea. "Lemonade and tea! — (bad word I told you about) and blazes!" replied the bad character, for such he afterwards proved to be. "What's that, then?"

He pointed to a bottle labelled "Whisky," which stood on the table near the spirit-kettle.

"Oh, is that what you want?" said H. O. kindly.

The man is understood to have said he should bloomin' well think so, but H. O. is not sure about the bloomin'.

He held out his glass with about half the lemonade in it, and H. O. generously filled up the tumbler out of the bottle labelled "Whisky." The man took a great drink, and then began to swear. It was then that Oswald and Dickie rushed upon the scene. The man was shaking his fist in H. O.'s face, and H. O. was still holding on to the bottle we had brought out the methylated spirit in for the lamp, in case of anyone wanting tea, which they hadn't.

"If I was Jim," said the second ruffian—for such indeed they were—when he had snatched the bottle from

in just above the belt. Then he shut his eyes, because he felt that now all was indeed up. There was a shout and a scuffle, and Oswald opened his eyes in astonishment at finding himself still whole and unimpaired. Our own tramp had artfully stimulated insensibleness to get the men off their guard, and then had suddenly got his arms round a leg each of two of the men and pulled them to the ground, helped by Dickie, who saw his game, and rushed in at the same time, exactly as Oswald would have done if he had not had his eyes shut ready to meet his doom.

The unpleasant boys shouted, and the third man tried to help his unrespectable friends, now on their backs, involved in a desperate struggle with our own tramp, who was on top of them, accompanied by Dickie. It all happened in a minute, and it was all mixed up—the dogs were growling and barking—Martha had one of the men by the trouser-leg and Pincher had another—the girls were screaming like mad, and the strange boys shouted and laughed (little beasts!); and then suddenly our Pig-man came round the corner, and two friends of his with

bath had been upset in the struggle. Then he and the Pig-man and his kind friends helped us carry our things home.

The Pig-man advised us on the way not to try these sort of kind actions without getting a grown-up to help us. We've been advised this before, but now I really think we shall never try to be benevolent to the poor and needy again. At any rate, not unless we know them very well first.

We have seen our own tramp often since. The Pig-man gave him a job. He has got work to do at last. The Pig-man says he is not such a very bad chap, only he will fall asleep after the least drop of drink. We know that is his failing: we saw it at once. But it was lucky for us he fell asleep that day near our Benevolent Bar.

I will not go into what my father said about it all. There was a good deal in it about minding your own business; there generally is in most of the talkings to we get. But he gave our tramp a sovereign, and the Pig-man says he went to sleep on it for a solid week.

THE END.

WITH THE ALLIED FORCES IN CHINA

SKETCHES FACSIMILE BY MR. JOHN SCHÖNBERG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN CHINA.



THE PEITANG FORTS UNDER THE FLAGS OF THE ALLIES.



THE PEITANG FORTS IN GERMAN OCCUPATION.

Our Special Artist's Illustrations carry us some distance back in the campaign of the Allies in China. He sends us two sketches of the Peitang Forts near Hanku, which were captured by the Allies last September, and which are now being razed to the ground. At the time the sketches were made the flags of the Allies were flying over the fortifications, and strict watch was set to prevent the approach of unauthorised persons. The reason for this precaution was that the roads and ground round about the forts were honeycombed

with secret mines. These have now been discharged. A humorous touch is afforded by another drawing, which represents Thomas Atkins occupying for the moment, before the admiring gaze of an Indian orderly, the centre of the Chinese Universe. This spot, marked by a circular pavement, represents to the Celestial the centre of his universe, as Delphi did to the Greeks of old. The symbolism of the picture might have been more complete had the counsels of Russia been less potent than they

are just now in the ear of the Chinese Government. Whatever may be the force of European influence in China, it certainly has not availed much in the case of the fire brigade, portrayed in another sketch, that representing the fire at Li-Hung-Chang's yamen. Most of the firemen carried flags and lanterns, and the whole scene was wildly grotesque. The old London parish fire-engine, drawn by the charity boys, was not more rickety and primitive than the machine which played its part to save the offices of the Tientsin Provisional Government.



THE BRITISH SOLDIER THE CENTRE OF THE CHINESE UNIVERSE; A SCENE IN THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN, PEKING.



FIRE AT LI-HUNG-CHANG'S VICEREGAL YAMEN, TIENTSIN, THE TEMPORARY OFFICE OF THE TIENTSIN PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MR. JOHN SCHÖNBERG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN CHINA.



THE LACROSSE MATCH, NORTH V. SOUTH, AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE ON APRIL 12.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.

The North won by seven goals to four, their tenth consecutive victory.



THE CZAR AND CZARITZA IN THE CAMP AT KRASNOE SELO: EVENING PRAYER.

A salvo of artillery is the signal for a private to advance from the ranks towards the Emperor and Empress. Halting a few paces in front of them, he solemnly recites the evening prayer of the Greek Church. The only man who does not remove his headgear is the Circassian Guard, who, as a Mussulman, deems it irreverent to do so.

THE FRANCO-ITALIAN FESTIVITIES AT TOULON.



PRESIDENT LOUBET SALUTING A SAILOR ON HIS DECORATION WITH THE MILITARY MEDAL.



From a Photo. by Houel.

RECEPTION OF PRESIDENT LOUBET BY THE DUKE OF GENOA ON BOARD THE "LEPANTO."



ARRIVAL OF THE ITALIAN SQUADRON.



PRESIDENT LOUBET'S BARGE PROCEEDING TO THE ARSENAL AT TOULON.



ARRIVAL OF THE PRESIDENT AND THE DUKE OF GENOA ON BOARD THE "LEPANTO."



PRESIDENT LOUBET AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF THE DUKE OF GENOA AT THE ARSENAL.



PRESIDENT LOUBET RECEIVING DELEGATES FROM THE PUBLIC BODIES OF NICE ON THE PROMENADE JETTY.

THE FRANCO-ITALIAN FESTIVITIES AT TOULON AND NICE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOUET.



THE MIKADO'S GARDEN AT TOKIO.



By Permission of the Berlin Photographic Company.

THE NURSERY.

FROM THE PAINTING BY E. A. WATERLOW.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The Golden Bough. By J. G. Frazer, Litt. D. Second Edition, in Three Volumes. (London: Macmillan. 36s.)

The Wizard's Knot. By William Barry. (London: Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

The Journal of the C.I.V. in South Africa. By Major-General W. H. MacKinnon. (London: John Murray. 6s.)

Ten years ago Dr. Frazer's remarkable study of magic and primitive religions was hailed with warm welcome by the thinking world, and the welcome will be extended to the second edition, now presented in three handsome volumes. Dr. Frazer has added largely to the old material, has strengthened many of his early convictions, and dealt with the best and latest results of anthropological research in well-ordered survey. The three volumes are an enduring record of most painstaking research, and the author's gifts are only equalled by his modesty. He does not claim for science the power to demonstrate the truth of the phenomena that surround our existence; he says that as the world passed from magic to religion and is passing from religion to science in the undying search after hidden truth, so science may only be another station on the road to a goal that recedes continually. Dr. Frazer defines religion as "a propitiation or conciliation of powers superior to man which are believed to direct or control the course of nature and of human life"; and though he is, of necessity, an avowed agnostic, he writes with all the courtesy of a profound scholar, recognising the beauties that are associated with established beliefs, regretful if the irresistible pursuit of truth leads slowly but surely to their destruction. "What we call truth," he writes, "is only the hypothesis which is found to work best," and he proceeds to further consideration of the "melancholy record of human error and folly" that has marked humanity's efforts to be religious within the terms of his definition. There are few studies more interesting than that of man's slow and laborious pilgrimage along the highway of knowledge. His first conception of God and soul, and the painful evolution of these ideas, form one of the most interesting chapters in the book of human life, and Dr. Frazer's wonderful volumes show us how the old ideas still linger in the parts of the world that are seldom disturbed by modern civilisation. Thousands of years ago man looked upon the sun as the husband of the earth, and vegetation as the fruit of their union: the belief still exists. We can perhaps learn from this simple belief how agriculture was the world's sole occupation and anxiety in the Golden Age; how if the sun shone and the rain fell, the world was well satisfied. And in this connection we may recall the blessings promised in Deuteronomy: "And if thou wilt hearken unto my Voice . . . I will send the rain in due season . . . and thou shalt gather in thy corn, thy wine, and thine oil." The death and resurrection of vegetation brings us to the old-world legends of Osiris, Adonis, Tammuz, Attis, and Dionysus; to others, too, of more modern date, that may be left unmentioned here. The early conception of the soul as a tiny man escaping from the nostrils of the dead still leaves its traces in the remote districts dear to the anthropologist, and the common customs of our English villages date from the morning twilight of the world. Even the Jack-in-the-Green and the Maypole connect times that are wellnigh prehistoric with our own. Dr. Frazer's record of work that mankind has undertaken with its earliest mental development, and will continue in all probability while the world endures, is one of the most interesting books of our time.

There is a world of fine writing in "The Wizard's Knot," and fine feeling to match it, although the two do not necessarily go together. Dr. Barry has the heart of a poet—and of an Irish poet at that: his pen is dipped in flowing colour, and his fancy is free and soaring. Your true Celt has the mind of a child, the passion of a woman, and the soul of a prophet. Granted such a combination, and the novelist's gift in addition, and one may look for something great. "The Wizard's Knot" might very well be called great if it contained nothing more than the life-portrait of Joan—peasant Joan, so simple-sweet, so pure and strong: the story of her love and sorrow is most exquisitely told. But the main theme of the book is the tragedy, which gathers strength and force from the day when Lady Liscarrol returns to the house which she has dishonoured, to the son who is fatherless and worse than motherless by her hand. There is no sophistry, no juggling with emotions, no confusion of issues here: only the plain and hideous fact of wrong done that is beyond repair. She has blighted her son's life, and other lives with his. Next to Joan, her father, Cathal O'Dwyer, is perhaps the most vivid personality: half poet, half wizard, with a quick mind and nimble tongue. His is an excellent portrait. Mr. Edmund, too, the "Tanist" (the heir) is wonderfully presented: impetuous, chivalrous, he is a good genius to many about him. But this book should be read. No analysis can give any true idea of its charm, a thing elusive as the air, of its idealism and force.

It is well that General MacKinnon was persuaded to publish his journal of the doings of the City Imperial Volunteers in South Africa. A record intended only for private circulation, as was this, has inevitably a frankness which rarely attaches to one penned with consciousness of the public eye looking over the writer's shoulder; and General MacKinnon's book, further, is distinguished by a simplicity which lends vividness to his descriptions.

The journal was regularly kept from day to day, and the details of life on the march, often by reason of their very triviality, are touches of realism which place the reader on curiously intimate terms with the actualities of campaigning. We share the author's regret that the three parts of the regiment—infantry, mounted infantry, and artillery—were so scattered that the corps could not be dealt with as a whole; but at the same time an attempt to extend the field of survey so as to embrace the doings of all arms, however ably reported, must have affected the method and style, which, in our judgment, are the great recommendations of the book, and we are more than content to follow with their commandant the fortunes of the infantry.

On Jan. 20 Colonel MacKinnon sailed in the *Ariosto* with four companies of the regiment, the *Gaul* and *Kinfauna Castle* conveying the remainder. The voyage out was a busy time for everybody as soon as the weather allowed drill and rifle-practice; and if the Colonel discovered shortcomings, he also discovered that he had under him a set of men much above the average in intelligence and teachability. On Feb. 21 the infantry, 702 strong, left Cape Town for Orange River, whence it was distributed in detachments to guard lines of communication. The Colonel was naturally anxious to have the corps together that it might share as a whole in the forward movement, and was gratified to find that both Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener took a lively interest in the C.I.V. The Commander-in-Chief gave early proof of his regard by accepting the honorary Colonelcy of the regiment, and when Colonel MacKinnon saw him at Bloemfontein he was

Prefer to have it issued raw and to cook it, each man in his own mess-tin. Their first attempts in the culinary art were amusing, several trying to roast (?) their meat over a tallow candle.

On May 29 the C.I.V., who already had had two or three brushes with the enemy, were engaged in good earnest for the first time in the fight at Doornkop. Colonel MacKinnon writes very warmly of the behaviour of the regiment—

I was thoroughly satisfied with the steadiness of our ranks, their disregard of danger, and the alacrity with which they obeyed orders, especially those to advance, and I feel very proud of the battalion.

The casualty list was happily a short one: one officer, Captain Berkeley, and eleven men wounded; that not more were hit was "attributable to the intelligent manner in which the men had learnt to take cover." When the C.I.V. reached Pretoria on June 5 Colonel MacKinnon hoped to give them at least a week's rest, which they had more than earned: "They are completely done up, and it was a supreme effort on the part of many of them to reach Pretoria. They are footsore and 'stale,' their clothes are in rags." The march from Springfontein had lasted fifty-one days, forty of which were marching days, and the distance was 523 miles, an average of over 13 miles per day. The much-needed week's rest could not be accorded, and the regiment was ordered to guard the railway, a task which entailed more hard work. Colonel MacKinnon does not say much about the fatigue and hardship at this time, but the following entry conveys much: "June 9. A blessed day of rest." Two days

later came the big fight at Diamond Hill, in which the C.I.V. again distinguished themselves. General Ian Hamilton was delighted with the behaviour of the battalion, saying: "With such troops I could go anywhere and do anything." Lieutenant Alt, of H Company, and Private Ives, D Company, were killed in action. Colonel MacKinnon writes—

The funeral was most impressive from its extreme simplicity. Bailey placed the two companies concerned near the grave, the bodies were carried up on stretchers, and by the light of the full moon and of lanterns I read the last part of the Burial service.

On June 19 the battalion was ordered to Heidelberg, still with Hamilton's force. An incident of this march was a hailstorm so heavy that the troops were halted that they might turn their backs to it; some of the hailstones were as large as bantams' eggs. The hardships of the campaign made themselves felt at this time. The third day's march took the column to Springs, where the C.I.V. had to leave no fewer than 126 men, seventy-three being cases of utter collapse, and the remainder the victims of exhaustion and sore feet. The sick-list was all the heavier as many men had struggled on longer than they should have done. The cyclists proved invaluable, frequently taking letters thirty-five miles across the veldt under conditions none too safe. At Heilbron Colonel MacKinnon slept in a bed for the first time for six months. After two nights of this unwonted luxury, he came to the conclusion that he did not sleep so well in a room, even though there were ten degrees of frost, as he did on the veldt. The move to Krugersdorp, twenty-eight miles distant, which took place on July 24, was accomplished by rail; and, in view of the reference made to a similar incident in Parliament a few days before the House adjourned for Easter, it is worth giving Colonel MacKinnon's own account of a precaution he took. Noticing during the middle of the day parties of Boers moving along the hills towards the railway-line, and hearing renewed rumours that they meant to wreck the trains, he arrested four of the principal residents, and made it widely known that, should a British soldier lose his life by such means, the hostages (one of whom was to be placed with a guard in the front of each night-train) would be shot dead—

They were terribly frightened at this, and three out of the four turned deadly pale; one of them, Mr. Elsa, at once asked for a pass for a friend of his (De Kock, one of the most ill-favoured ruffians I ever saw in my life) to go out through the outposts to the hills to stop any attack. I gave it to him, and he went out as hard as he could, taking a bee-line in a particular direction, and evidently knowing all about the Boer patrols' whereabouts.

The wisdom of his step was painfully brought home to Colonel MacKinnon six days later. On arriving at Frederickstad with the advance guard, he heard the continuous whistle of an engine, and feeling sure that something was wrong, found the wrecked supply-train, which was derailed by the Boers. Sixteen dead and forty injured was the result, as we all remember; one hostage as a well-advertised passenger might have saved them.

The most convincing proof of the merit of the C.I.V. may be found in the appendices: Six officers and twenty-five men received commissions in the Regular Army during the war; two officers and 119 men, who were willing to remain in South Africa, obtained Government employment in some shape. On the other side of the sheet only six courts-martial were held on men of the regiment, about 1740 strong in all arms and ranks, and in two of these six cases the prisoners were acquitted. Of thirty-six cases dealt with by the commanding officer the large majority were charges of "speaking improperly to non-commissioned officers," who, it may be suggested, were probably not always free from blame themselves. Only regimental officers who have been on active service can appreciate the significance of these figures as indications of conduct. Here we take leave of General MacKinnon's instructive and readable contribution to the extensive literature of the war. The record of the C.I.V. for gallantry, discipline, and good conduct forms a suggestive commentary on the cry that England must adopt conscription.

[For a List of Books Received, see page 557.]



Photo. London Stereoscopic Co.

MAJOR-GENERAL W. H. MACKINNON.

Commander of the City Imperial Volunteers, and Author of "The Journal of the C.I.V. in South Africa."

told that the artillery and infantry battalion were to come up and join the army for the march on Pretoria: which welcome information inspired the C.I.V. with fresh zest for work. Lord Roberts "was much struck with our list of professions of the men." Well he might be: the appendix shows that 197 professions, trades, and callings were represented, and completeness is not claimed for this list. Colonel MacKinnon refers with pride to the remarkable ability of his corps to furnish professional men in emergency. It supplied on demand three medical officers from the ranks in Privates Rusby, Glover, and Weekes; a little later the Military Secretary telegraphed to know—

If we could provide a lawyer to prosecute for the Crown at Johannesburg, and if so, to send him at once. The man was found in Private Mosley, cyclist, who started within a few minutes, and I telegraphed to the Military Secretary, "Barrister despatched."

Mr. Mosley nobly upheld the credit of the corps; for a few days later Colonel MacKinnon hears "he has made a good beginning, as he not only prosecutes for the Crown, but advises everyone on legal points, including the Judge on the bench!" The Colonel ought to have become proof against surprises in course of time; but it must have been a shock when two privates asked their commanding officer for leave to go ashore to entertain Lord Justice Romer at dinner; "and perhaps you will come and meet him." The Governor of Pretoria told an officer that he was very near asking the C.I.V. to provide a hangman, as there seemed no trade for which they could not supply a master. One trade, and that of the first importance in campaigning, was not well represented in the corps—the cook's. On the march from the Orange River to the Vaal the C.I.V. killed their own meat that it might be issued earlier to the men, who—



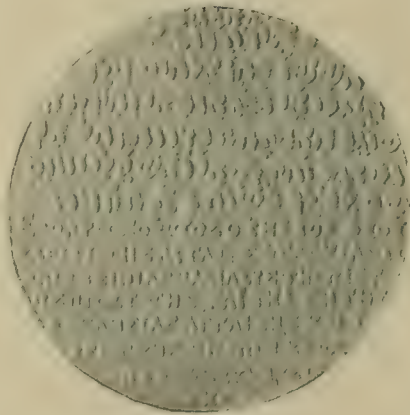
ALICE IN WONDERLAND.

DRAWN BY P. H. MILLER.

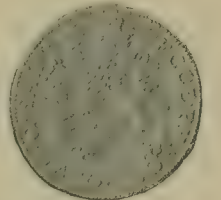
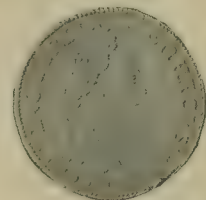
CORONATION MEDALS OF ENGLISH SOVEREIGNS.



CORONATION MEDAL OF EDWARD VI.



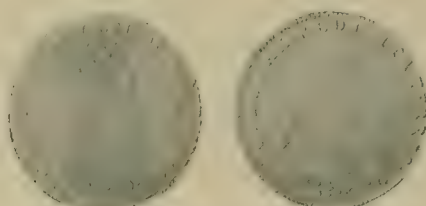
CORONATION MEDAL OF ELIZABETH.



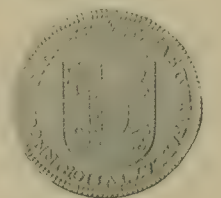
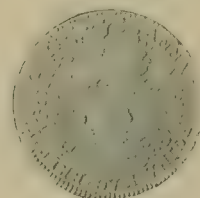
CORONATION MEDAL OF JAMES I. OF ENGLAND,
VI. OF SCOTLAND.



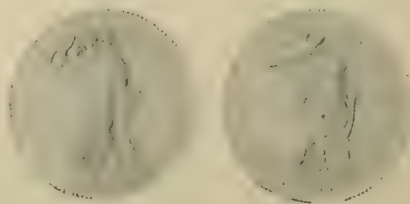
BAPTISMAL MEDAL OF CHARLES I.



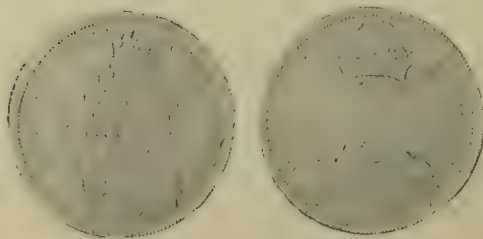
CORONATION MEDAL OF CHARLES I.



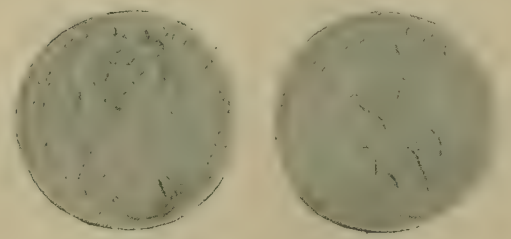
CORONATION MEDAL OF QUEEN ANNE,
CONSORT OF JAMES I.



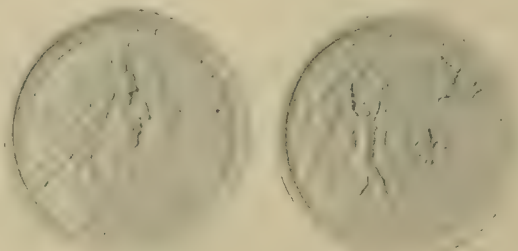
CORONATION MEDAL OF CHARLES II.



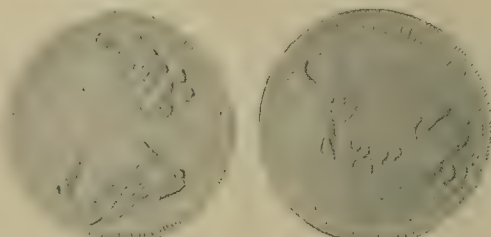
CORONATION MEDAL OF JAMES II.



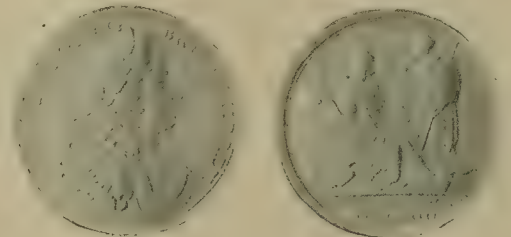
CORONATION MEDAL OF QUEEN MARY.



CORONATION MEDAL OF WILLIAM AND MARY.



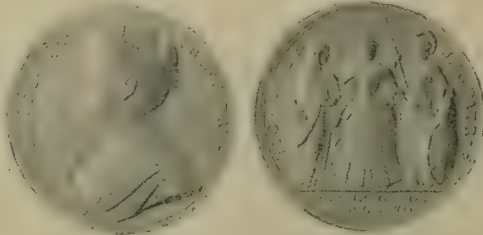
CORONATION MEDAL OF QUEEN ANNE.



CORONATION MEDAL OF GEORGE I.



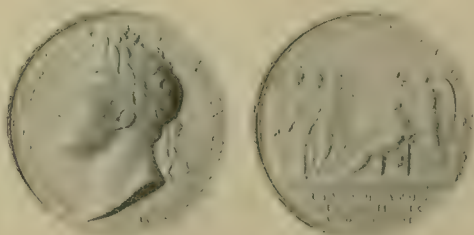
CORONATION MEDAL OF GEORGE II.



CORONATION MEDAL OF QUEEN CAROLINE.



CORONATION MEDAL OF GEORGE III.



CORONATION MEDAL OF GEORGE IV.



CORONATION MEDAL OF WILLIAM IV. AND QUEEN ADELAIDE.



CORONATION MEDAL OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

CORONATION MEDALS.

The art of designing and the craft of casting have fallen together into the lowest place in England during an age that has seen other arts — "fine" and humble alike, from sculpture to stencilling—taking a new life: one of the long series of their new lives in the history of Europe. Let us hope that the ill luck of this art is gone with the nineteenth century!

A glance at the medals struck at the crowning of our Kings and Queens, from Edward VI. downwards, shows us the oldest to be the best. There is in the effigy of the boy King an instinct of art, a courage and decorative enterprise which the rude England of that day was able to produce, but of which the England of art-studies fails to furnish an effectual example. The interest of the incongruity between the boyish figure and the sword and orb of the monarchy, between the soft face and the severity of metallic treatment, has evidently been felt by the designer, and, without any sign of sentimentality, his work has its own feeling. Moreover, his work is right in its proportion of effigy and lettering. With no conventionalised head nor Roman garland, the medal of Elizabeth is, at any rate, a valuable portrait. With full and frank acquiescence in the artificial and rigid costume of the day, the artist has a dignity that a compromise—when it does not miss—attains and secures only with difficulty. There is an allusion to classical tradition, in a late version, to be traced in the line of the profile. Not Greece, indeed, but Rome—and Rome interpreted by the Renaissance—is recalled in the dignity of this head. The reverse shows the phoenix, over-canopied by a royal crown rising from the flames of its own pyre. James I. wears the leafy crown—over a ruff; here also we have an important portrait. Anne of Denmark, Queen Consort, wears, like Queen Elizabeth, her own stiffened laces; they make a background to head and neck and to the earrings and pearls of her gala dress. Charles I. on his coronation medal is all unlike the portraits by Vandyck: the profile is hardly recognisable; the crown



THE RIGHT HON. LORD WILLIAM BENTINCK, TREASURER OF THE HOUSEHOLD, BEARING THE CRIMSON BAG WITH THE GEORGE IV. CORONATION MEDALS.

is the real crown of English sovereignty, and there is no attempt at the laurel or the bays. Of Charles II. we have two medals, one commemorating his baptism and the other his coronation, the latter being designed, as to its reverse, in the peculiarly heartless style of allegory proper to the time, with the flutter of a genius bestowing on the sceptred King some kind of celestial diadem. Charles wears his long locks under the crown. James II. returns to the leaves of Rome, and has the crown of England on the reverse of his medal. William III., with his Queen's profile beyond his own, has the Roman leafy crown entangled in his enormous wig; on the reverse a very curious Perseus and Andromeda. Anne's head is tired with that compromise between contemporary fashion and the Greek use which formed a precedent for the treatment of Queen Victoria's effigy in after years. The leafy crown, the huge wig, a suggestion of the toga and of armour are common to the two first Georges; the medal of George I. being somewhat better in style than the rest. With that of George II. was struck the medal of the coronation of his wife, Caroline. The peculiarly receding foreheads of George III. and William IV. make but poor profiles. The first chooses to be garlanded with the Roman bays. The sailor-King has neither crown nor wreath, and his consort is attired in a mixture of Greek fashion and the coiffure of one of Sir Thomas Lawrence's portraits. Meanwhile, George IV. has the grotesque combination of long hair knotted at the back, with a little British whisker, and his head too do the bays encircle. On the reverse of his medal is the customary allegory, in which the customary Britannia, with her invariable manner of holding her trident, takes part. Of Queen Victoria's coronation medal we can only say that it is somewhat better than her later coins, but it is very dull as a portrait effigy. The reverse shows the united action of the United Kingdom in offering the crown to the Queen, who sits already holding the orb. What the future has in store for this rather sorry history of coronation medals the chosen artist alone can tell.



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PRISONERS AT THE BAR.

By J. YATES CARRINGTON.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

France is unquestionably the country of what, for want of a better term, I must call "one-man worship." The duration of that devotion is not always in direct proportion to its intensity, but in art and letters the idol is often allowed to remain for a considerable time on its pedestal. To make my meaning somewhat clearer, I may be permitted to give one or two instances. There were great actresses before Mdle. Mars, Rachel, and Sarah Bernhardt, and even contemporaneously with them; yet while the former two were in the zenith of their glory no other name was breathed by their side. Mesdames Réjane and Bartet are as great artists, perhaps, as Madame Bernhardt. But for my disinclination to drift into criticism I might conclusively prove this. Nevertheless, Madame Bernhardt, in the estimation of the public at large, holds not only the foremost, but virtually the only position as a candidate for histrionic immortality among all the great female players of the last three decades of the nineteenth century.

I could show that a similar sentiment prevails with regard to male tragedians and comedians, with regard to writers, critics, painters, sculptors, and even men of science. While Pasteur was labouring to discover a cure for hydrophobia, there were other scientists working in a similarly energetic manner towards different and equally important ends; yet Pasteur's name, and his name alone, was on everybody's lips.

In Republican politics the tendencies are, however, almost diametrically opposite. For a short period, but for a short period only, Gambetta was supposed to be the sole and indispensable politician that could permanently consolidate the régime that replaced the Second Empire. There were certain reasons for this which at the first blush seemed quite valid. A careful examination would probably show that the real, as distinct from the nominal, establishment of the Third Republic was due much more to MacMahon's obstinacy than to Gambetta's statesmanship, which does not mean that there is no credit due to the latter. Under the circumstances, though, there were half-a-dozen men who would and could have done the same. That they did not was owing to the fact of Gambetta's barring the way to them.

No statesman of the Third Republic has attained to the fame of Gambetta, on the one side; to his detestation—which is, perhaps, also fame—on the other. Yet there is one among these who, if things were carefully examined, would be found to be equal to a dozen Gambettas in everything relating to a sober, as distinct from a showy and vociferous, attack of a weighty political problem. That one is Pierre Marie Waldeck-Rousseau, the actual Prime Minister of France. From all I can gather at the moment of writing, M. Waldeck-Rousseau has had a very narrow escape of death. He is reported on the way to recovery, and personally I am pleased; for, in spite of many, many faults, M. Waldeck-Rousseau is not only a charming man in private life, but a valuable one from France's Republican point of view. And inasmuch as any other kind of régime seems decidedly out of the question, the sincere well-wisher of France, even if he be not a Republican, may well rejoice at the Minister's life being spared.

That, however, is not exactly what I wished to convey when I began this paper. What I desired to point out was the comparatively small interest that was taken in the progress of M. Waldeck-Rousseau's illness. Of course, his personal adherents were intensely anxious, but the remainder of the Republicans plainly conveyed by their attitude, if they did not convey in as many words, that "there is no indispensable man" in the Third Republic. Each of these individuals—to limit my remarks to the Republican Deputies and Senators—was of a decided opinion that Brisson, Bourgeois, Dupuy, or Méline could or would do as well as the Minister whose life hung in the balance. Or, if the truth were known, they thought that in default of those just named any of themselves would do as well, and perhaps better. That, and that especially, is the keystone or keynote of a Republican régime. Several years ago, during a Ministerial crisis, a practical joker got possession of the telephone, and in the name of M. Félix Faure summoned about four score Deputies to the Elysée Bourbon. Not one of these, not the most obscure, stopped to reflect whether this was a hoax. Each confidently, one might say "cocksurely," prepared to repair to the Presidential mansion, being certain that his hour of triumph had struck, and that he was to be included among the members of the Cabinet to be constituted.

This is not an invention on my part; I have proof positive of what I state. What is more, the self-importance of all those nobodies does not surprise me. I have by me a list of about a hundred ex-Ministers of the last fifteen years, and appended to the list a detailed biography of each of those absolute nobodies. In no Anglo-Saxon, or in none but a Latin country would they have ever emerged from their obscurity if this coming to the fore had depended on the sterling art of governing. In Italy even they would have been vetoed by Victor Emmanuel and his successor Humbert, just as they would be vetoed—though not openly—by the present occupant of the Italian throne. I do not know what would have happened in Spain, since the death of Alfonso XII.; I am fully certain of what would have occurred during his lifetime, even with the Constitutional restrictions imposed upon him. In France, however, no President has even a semblance of a will of his own, and that is the reason why I will not criticise M. Loubet's speeches during his recent journey to the South. That is also why I will not comment upon the excitement caused at present by the prospect of a Franco-Italian alliance. If both these events mean anything at all except a continuance of the wind-swayed policy of France with regard to the rest of Europe, the meaning is hidden to me; and, being blind in that respect, I do not presume to guide others. But it pleases the French, just as it pleases a vain woman to show how many admirers she can command.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

G W BLYTHE (Leytonstone).—We will give your interesting variation, and the game of which it is a feature, a careful examination, and we hope to be able to publish it shortly.

W H HAYTON (Eastbourne).—Written positions are always objectionable if a diagram can by any means be provided. You, for instance, give both a White Knight and Bishop as standing at Q R 3rd, a blunder which stops us on the threshold, but which would be impossible if the position were graphically recorded.

C C (Orillia, Ontario).—We have not a file of the column handy, but will look at the problem at our leisure. We should be glad, however, to have a diagram submitted with such questions in future, as a mistake is so very easy in transcription, and may afford us much consequent trouble.

N M GIBBINS (Brighton) and J E EVANS.—To hand with thanks.

J E EVANS.—Mrs. Baird's clever problem is quite correct. If 1. Kt to R 4th, the defence is 1. P to R 7th; and if 1. Kt to Q 3rd, the King just escapes by 1. K to K 5th.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2964 received from Ière (Trinidad); of No. 2965 from Banarsi Das (Moradabad) and Ière (Trinidad); of No. 2966 from Banarsi Das, Ière (Trinidad), and Walter St. Clair Lord (Santa Barbara, California); of No. 2967 from Richard Burke (Teldeniya, Ceylon), Banarsi Das (Moradabad), and Ière (Trinidad); of No. 2968 from Robert H. Renshaw (Richmond, U.S.A.); of No. 2969 from Albert Wolff (Putney); of No. 1970 from Edward J. Sharpe, E. Gates (Plymouth), Albert Wolff, J. Bailey (Newark), and A. Hawkins (Colwyn Bay); of No. 1971 from R. Nugent (Southwold), J. Bailey, D. B. R. (Oban), Edward J. Sharpe, W. H. Bohn (Worthing), Rev. Robert Bee (Cowpen), J. B. Killey (Liverpool), V. L. Hawkins (St. Leonards-on-Sea), Rev. C. R. Sowell (St. Austell), W. d'A. Barnard (Uppingham), Dr. Goldsmith, D. E. Laurie (Bristol), M. A. Eyre (Folkestone), and F. B. (Worthing).

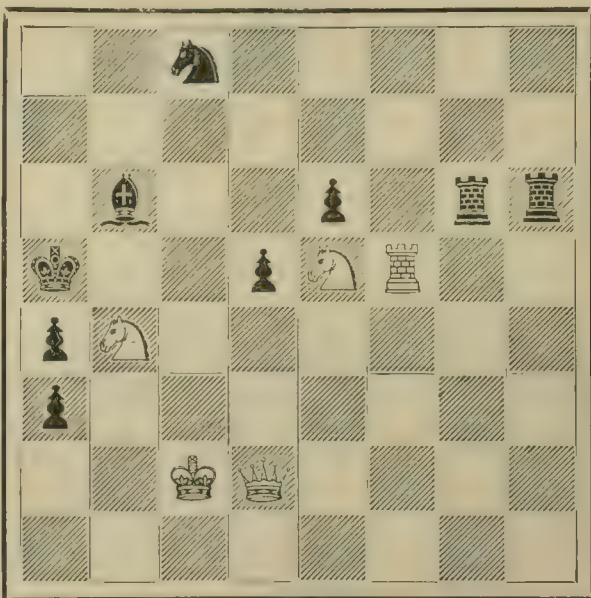
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2972 received from Hereward, F. H. Marsh (Bridport), R. Winters (Canterbury), A. Hawkins (Colwyn Bay), R. Nugent (Southwold), Albert Wolff (Putney), F. J. S. (Hampstead), G. Stillinfect Johnson (Cobham), C. E. H. (Clifton), Sorrento, F. Dalby, W. H. Bohn (Worthing), Henry A. Donovan (Liswell), J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), W. d'A. Barnard (Uppingham), Alpha, C. E. Perugini, T. Roberts, F. W. Moore (Brighton), W. A. Lillico (Edinburgh), Herbert A. Salway, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), G. Carpenter, Miss D. Gregson, J. A. S. Manbury (Birmingham), E. J. Winter Wood, and Clement C. Danby.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2971.—By G. J. HICKS.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to Kt 5th Any move
2. Mates.

PROBLEM No. 2974.—By C. W. (Sunbury).

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN YORKSHIRE.

Game played at Leeds between Messrs. J. E. HALL and A. BURN.
(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. H.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. H.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	17. Q to K sq	Kt to Kt 3rd
2. P to Q 4th	P to K 3rd	18. R to B 2nd	Q to Kt 4th
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	19. Q to B 3rd	R to Q 2nd
4. B to Kt 5th	Q Kt to Q 2nd	20. Kt to Kt 3rd	P to B 4th
Somewhat in the nature of a trap. If now P takes P, followed by Kt takes P, Black wins by Kt takes Kt, giving up his Queen.		21. Q R to K B sq	Q R to K B 2nd
5. P to K 3rd	B to K 2nd	22. B to R 5th	P o Kt 3rd
6. Kt to B 3rd	Castles	23. B takes Kt	P takes B
7. B to K 2nd	Kt to K 5th	24. Kt to K 2nd	R to Q 2nd
8. B takes B	Q takes B	25. Kt to B 4th	B to B 2nd
9. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt	26. P to Kt 3rd	K R to Q sq
10. Kt to Q 2nd	P to K B 4th	27. R to Kt 2nd	R to Q 8th
11. P to K B 4th		28. R to K B 2nd	Q to K 2nd
A poor move, to which it will be seen Black responds forcibly. The King's Pawn, the centre of White's game, becomes very weak. To this point, therefore, Black's attention is now directed.		29. P to K R 4th	P to Kt 4 h
12. Castles	P to Kt 4th	30. P takes P	Q takes P
13. R takes P	P takes P	31. K to Kt 2nd	B to R 4th
14. P takes P	Kt takes P	32. Kt takes B	Q takes Kt
15. Kt to B sq	B to K 3rd	33. Q to B 6th	
16. P to Q Kt 3rd	Q R to Q sq	The position is peculiar. R takes P is quite unsound, the reply being if Q sq to Q 7th (ch), and that wins easily. If K B 2nd being answered by Q to B 6th (ch), or by Q to B 8th, mate. The game is consequently lost for White.	

11. P to Kt 4th
12. Castles
13. R takes P
14. P takes P
15. Kt to B sq
16. P to Q Kt 3rd

P to Kt 4th
P takes P
P takes P
B to K 3rd
Q R to Q sq

17. Q to K sq
18. R to B 2nd
19. Q to B 3rd
20. Kt to Kt 3rd
21. Q R to K B sq
22. B to R 5th
23. B takes Kt
24. Kt to K 2nd
25. Kt to B 4th
26. P to Kt 3rd
27. R to Kt 2nd
28. R to K B 2nd
29. P to K R 4th
30. P takes P
31. K to Kt 2nd
32. Kt takes B
33. Q to B 6th

R (Q sq) to Q 7
K to B sq
K to K sq
K to Q sq
K to B sq
K to Kt sq
K to Kt sq
K to Kt sq

Black wins.

CHESS IN RUSSIA.

Game played between Messrs. HEMKA and TCHIGORIN.
(Four Knights Game.)

WHITE (Mr. H.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)	WHITE (Mr. H.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	14. Q to Kt 3rd	Kt takes R
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	15. B takes Kt	P to K R 4th
3. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	16. Kt to K 2nd	B to Q B 4th
4. B to Kt 5th	P to Q 3rd	17. Kt to Kt sq	Q to B 3rd
A very common defence is to imitate White's moves. The second player adopts here, however, another and more original line.		18. P to Q B 3rd	P to R 5th
5. P to Q 3rd	P to K Kt 3rd	19. Q to B 3rd	P to R 6th
6. Castles	B to Kt 2nd	20. P to K Kt 3rd	P to R 7th
7. P to Q 4th	P takes P	21. Kt to K 2nd	P to Q 4th
8. Kt takes P	B to Q 2nd	22. P to Q Kt 4th	P takes K P
9. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt	Not R takes P, to which the reply is P to K 5th, and wins the piece.	
10. B to Q 3rd	R to Q Kt sq	23. Q takes P (ch)	Q to K 2nd
11. P to K B 4th		24. Q takes Q (ch)	B takes Q
This is the beginning of White's troubles. It was necessary to prevent the Black Knight coming to Kt 5th after P to B 4th, so P to R 3rd was advisable first.		25. K to Q 4th	P to Q B 4th
12. Q to B 3rd	Kt to Kt 5th	26. Kt to B 3rd	B to Q B 3rd
13. K to R sq	B to Q 5th (ch)	27. B to K Kt 2nd	P takes P
A bad business for White. If K takes Kt, of course the Queen is lost.		28. P takes P	R takes P
		29. B to Q 2nd	R to Kt 7th
		30. R to Q sq	P to B 3rd
		31. Kt to R 4th	B takes B (ch)
		32. Kt takes B	K to B 2nd
		33. B to K sq	R takes Kt
		Taking immediate advantage of White's last move, Black wins.	

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Yet another and interesting contribution has reached me with reference to the question of the loss of heat which results from taking the morning cold "tub." A Cambridge correspondent offers a criticism of some of the views already expressed regarding this subject, and shows that the matter is not altogether quite such a simple affair as might at first have been supposed.

Referring to the experiments of my last correspondent, who conducted an elaborate series of tests, with the general result of showing that a very decided rise of temperature occurred in the water of the bath, it is now remarked that the temperature of the water does not *continue* to rise in the manner demonstrated by the experiments in question. The average time of experimentation was, say, two minutes. In one trial, which agrees with the average results, the experimenter found that his body heated the water from 50 deg. Fahr. to 56 deg. in two minutes. If the rise of temperature continued at such a rate, the water would show a heat of over 90 deg. Fahr. in fifteen minutes. The point sought to be established here is that the rate of heating gets less; for even in from one and a half to two minutes the rate decreases, and is less in the long than in the shorter interval.

My Cambridge critic goes on to remark that the average result of the observations is that one gallon of water would be heated through 9.6 deg. in one minute, and that this corresponds to no less than 2½-horse power. The value of his criticism, however, seems to me to lie in his reference to the heat-measuring experiments of Marcet and Florin, published in the "Proceedings" of the Royal Society, 1898. These observers determined that the normally healthy man gives off to the surrounding air heat equivalent to the raising of 8 lb. of water one degree per minute. He then continues that when the body is immersed in cold water, which is a better conductor of heat than air, the heat outflow is at first increased, while the temperature of the skin is accordingly reduced. Then the rate of outflow diminishes again till it regains the normal. But the rate of combustion of the tissues—that is, the source of our heat, broadly considered—does not increase *pari passu* with the heat outflow. On the contrary, the heat-production lags behind the outflow, and so balances by degrees the increased demand which was represented by the loss of temperature.

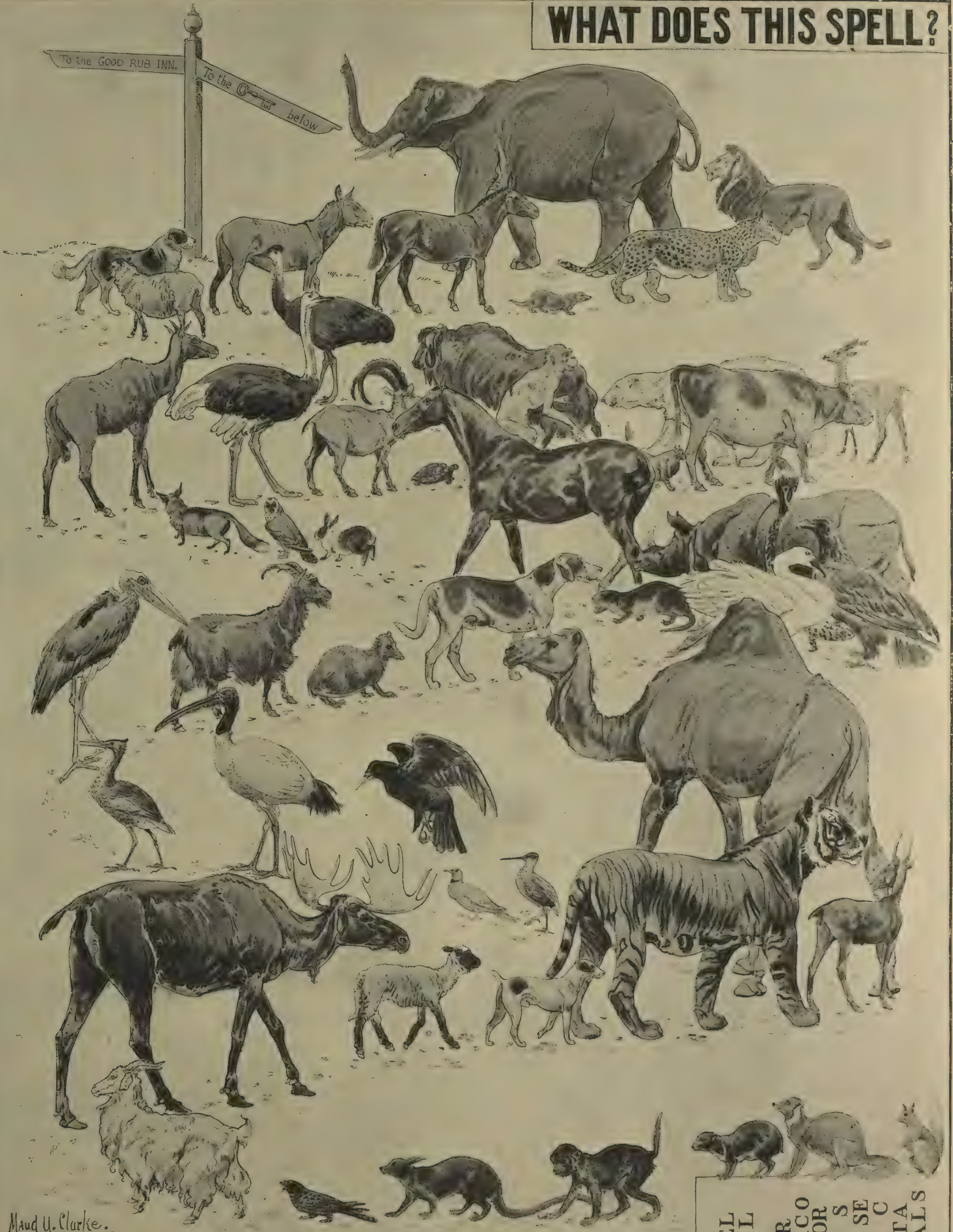
So far, I think my correspondent's views will bear criticism. The main point he seeks to establish is the body's knack of preserving the balance between heat-loss and heat-production, and I make no doubt he is correct in his contention as to the mechanism whereby this result is attained; at least, I know of no facts in physiology which seriously contradict or impugn his views. He adds that it is probable that the first involuntary gasp which follows one's plunge into a cold bath may correspond to an initial increase in heat-production. The experiments of Marcet and Florin show, from the heating-power of oxygen absorbed in respiration, that if one were to inhale so much air as would, by its combustion, supply heat at the rate given out by the body in the water (according to the observations of my last correspondent), the bather would require to inhale no less than five gallons of air extra every minute. The end of the story, therefore, appears to me to demonstrate that while the body does part with its heat in the cold bath, and while a considerable rise of water-temperature occurs equivalent to a large amount of mechanical work, the heat-adjusting powers of the body nullify the effects that would otherwise follow this high, or at least considerable, expenditure of energy.

I have been perusing a little work just issued, entitled "The Colour Cure," written by Mr. A. Osborne Eaves, and published by P. Wellby. This book deals with what has been called "chromopathy"—that is to say, with the influence on disease or morbid states of the system which different kinds of light-waves are presumed to exert. The *modus operandi*, here, is to allow light to pass to the patient through glasses of different tints. Disease, we are told by Mr. Eaves, "shows a want of harmony in the system." With this declaration I suppose most of us will agree, but when he adds that this lack of harmony is, "in other words, a want of colour," I am afraid he will find few practical physicians to follow him, seeing that his statement is simply a begging of the whole question, which outsiders will want to be proved. Perhaps, however, Mr. Eaves does not care a jot or tittle for the approval of the faculty, and it is certain that the "colour cure," if practised as directed, will not seriously infringe any of the laws which have for their special aim the protection of the trade-interests of medical men.

The main doctrine propounded under the "colour cure" system is that red is a stimulant tint, and should be used where there is lack of vitality, while blue exerts a soothing and sedative action. Yellow is "a capital cerebral stimulant, and an emetic or laxative"—qualities, these, which strike me as offering a somewhat peculiar combination. But Mr. Eaves and his disciples are not content with the action of light alone. They think that coloured rays allowed to play on water endow that fluid with curative properties, the water being used externally or for internal administration. Even "food and medicines" are regarded as capable of being affected by light rays, and of aiding the cures.

In the section of his book on disease-treatment, our author (who adds chapters on "Will Power" and on "Disease Conquest," these last advocating a psychical mastery of illness) teaches us that diet, fresh air, proper clothing, and so forth must be studied as adjuncts to the "Colour Cure." Dyspeptics are warned against pastry, cheese, and pork, which is wise advice, and which many may regard as likely to effect more direct benefit than "a good purple glass," the light from which is to play on the stomach, or water taken from an orange-coloured bottle the first thing in the morning or three hours after a meal. The colour cure is a poetic idea, but the diet directions reduce it to the level of a mundane system.

WHAT DOES THIS SPELL?



Maud U. Clarke.

WHAT DOES IT SPELL.

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LADIES' PAGE.

It is certain that the fashionable skirt of the season for light-weight materials will be more troublesome to wear than even those of last year. The approved outline is exactly that of a reversed lily. The calyx fits as tightly and closely as possible round the hips, and the petals swing out from just above the knees, swirling widely round the feet. This arrangement renders it very troublesome to hold up a skirt effectually; and yet it is impossible to walk in it without lifting it, except by a slow gliding movement.



A GOWN OF LIGHT CLOTH TRIMMED WITH BLACK GLACÉ.

pushing the skirt before one's feet, as it were. Besides the inconvenience of this sliding manner of progression, considerations of hygiene and cleanliness forbid trailing a wide skirt in the streets or public parks; only on a well-kept lawn or in the house can the newest cut of *jupon* be worn with any propriety and comfort, sweeping its full width around the wearer. What will be the next step? It is expected to be the introduction of some stiffening into these flowing flounces, so that they may stand out around the feet sufficiently to allow of walking inside their "sphere of influence," so to speak; so that the flowing folds may surround without encumbering the feet. Let us hope this does not mean the insidious first step towards the revival of the ridiculous and inartistic crinoline.

Often the foot of the skirt will be a *frou-frou* of flounces under a sheath-like tunic. When it is all in one the great increase of fullness round the lower part of the skirt is not generally accomplished by the cut, but the seams are opened to allow of a few folds of material being invisibly introduced at each seam. These folds start from about the knees, where they are closely held together by stitching, and, widening fan-like thence, they are caught on to two or three graduated tapes, to display their full width round the feet. Quite a feature in the new gowns is to leave the seams open to the waist, holding them together, from the point at which the flounces are introduced, by a one-inch to two-inch wide trimming. This may be, for the light materials, *à jour*, showing a different colour beneath the meshes of open *passanterie*; or it may be lace, equally laid over a contrasting tone that gleams through. This is a period in which a dress demands a lining at least as expensive as the outer robe itself. A silk lining, sometimes merely a luxury, is simply a necessity with the voiles, crêpes, mousselines, and the rest of the transparent stuffs.

For dresses in the more firm materials—satin cloths, wool crêpons, and what the drapers call "fancy mixtures"—the seams are also trimmed from the waist to the *évisement*, but more usually with a strap of silk or material in a contrasting tone laid on over the seams and stitched down; or else the seams do not quite meet, but are folded at their edges and laid on a strap of silk or cloth, on to which they are stitched by one or more lines of visible machine-stitching; or else the edges may be invisibly caught on the slip of under-trimming, and in that case usually groups of tiny buttons will be placed on each side of the seams to "make believe" to fasten them down

on the strap beneath. This narrow line of trimming for the seams, however it be arranged, should be lighter than the gown itself. These facts will give the ingenious mind ideas for remodelling and bringing up-to-date skirts made earlier in the year. For instance, suppose you have a plain black cashmere dress made for the general mourning that you would now wish to lighten a little in effect: have the seams opened and a line of light blue silk set down inside them, stitched to the knee; trim with a few groups of tiny gold buttons, and arrange the vest or the yoke to harmonise, and a smart effect will be at once obtained, quite doing away with the mourning appearance. Buttons are a great feature in the decoration of the new gowns; groups of them in gold are very valuable in lightening effects.

Veils are a not unimportant feature of the toilette. Most women think that they look their best under the light shadow of a gauzy covering; and, at any rate, it keeps the hair tidy to wear a veil. It is considered in Paris just at present, however, to be smarter and more complimentary to one's friends to wear either no veil, or one of so fine a texture as to be nearly invisible. This applies to such occasions of intimate friendly reunion as weddings or afternoon parties or private concerts. For driving or for walking on a windy day, on the contrary, the "voile automobile" is added to the tailor-made gown. This is a rather thick white lace veil—the lace appliqué in a deep and close border to cover the mouth and prevent the dust being breathed in, while a few small sprays of lace are scattered over the rest of the veil. The latest novelty is the veil embroidered with gold. Lines of gold or a pattern worked in tinsel-thread to form the border may be supplemented by spots of gold over the rest of the veil; or the border only may be thus adorned. It is rather too startling, perhaps; but still, it becomes a young and pretty face. Gloves, another of the important trifles of the toilette, are often dispensed with now for dinner: the huge rings that are so fashionable make it impossible to get gloves on the fingers. When they are worn, the most fashionable are *suède* with four buttons. White gloves are greatly worn in the afternoon, in full toilette; with tailor dresses, yellow Danish gloves are liked.

Another fashion very becoming to girls that is being revived is to wear two long ends of trimming falling off the back of the hats. Black velvet ends are the most *chic*, but white lace is also very becoming. The ends are attached to a small bow or rosette on the hat, and fall low enough at least to touch the shoulder; generally they are placed to the left side, not exactly at the back. A pretty example is in rose-pink crêpe, trimmed under the turned-up brim in front with a butterfly bow of black velvet ribbon. Round the crown, and running over on to a bandeau at the left side, are little "pompon" roses in profusion—and in pink. At the back, rather to the left, is set another knot of black velvet ribbon, whence fall the two ends reaching below the shoulder. A hat in purple crinoline lace-straw gives me the example of the white lace ends. These depend from the back, falling over the hair, and the same white lace passes round the crown of the tricorne shape, which is further decorated with clusters of violets at the three points. It looks as if the hats of this season must be easy to trim: just wreaths or big bunches of blossoms, or single large flowers, mixed or veiled with a little tulle, or chiffon, or lace, compose many of the prettiest chapeaux. Many hats, indeed, are hardly trimmed at all. One *rouleau* of tulle is placed above another, and a few leaves or a bow of velvet form the entire decoration. But the price of this elegant simplicity seems no less than was that of the many-ended bows and aigrettes rampant by the aid of art that we wore in yesteryear.

Some people are apt to forget that the back view of a costume is as important as the front to the spectator of the effect. Many a gown fits or falls badly behind which has an excellent effect in front. Judging by the degree to which both skirts and bodices are trimmed at the back here, this is about to become a feature of more importance than it has been for some time, and therefore will demand yet more attention. One trained black *peau-de-soie* gown had applications of black guipure closely set at the waist, and spreading out fan-like as they descended to nearly the end of the train. The bodice had a deep collar of guipure covering the shoulders, and the bolero was slit up in the centre almost to the edge of the lace, showing a swathed belt of gold satin; the front part of this dress was much less decorated. Another gown had a front breadth and train of flounced black Chantilly lace, with a tunic long at the back and shorter to the sides of taffetas in steel-grey, brocaded with gold pine-cones; the bodice in a plain grey satin, with capuchon-trimming of lace round the shoulders, and a yoke and *ceinture* of sky-blue velvet ribbon bands on a gold tissue *fond*.

Our Illustrations show very pretty gowns in light cloth. The one with the skirt arranged in three flounces at the back is sketched in a light cloth, each flounce trimmed with a floral design in black glacé outlined with fine silk cord. The corsage is strapped with bands of tucked glacé, between which the floral ornamentation is repeated. This was the dress sketched. I should like it reproduced in a *chiné* taffetas with bands of white Valenciennes lace and the floral ornamentation in the new cretonne flowers worked on with gold chain-stitching. The hat sketched is white chiffon trimmed with gold lace. The other is a light cloth dress banded with tucked glacé, and having a floral design embroidered on the skirt. Pointed lace makes the collar and cuffs. The hat is of black chiffon trimmed with *marguerites*. Perhaps the most popular decoration on the new hats is a bunch of cherries, but all sorts of flowers are most beautifully imitated.

Now, I am leaving these pleasant coasts of the Midi—always enchanting, even in the atrocious climatic conditions of this year—to have my customary spring look round at Paris fashions, and soon I shall be home again to tell you what is finding favour in London. The Riviera has been very full of English people. There is an idea in London, I believe, that English visitors have stayed away from France this year for fear of being "insulted." Nobody who knows the French nation can have shared

that apprehension; and, in fact, the English crowd has been larger than usual here. During my stay, I have met with only two instances of what even a sensitive imagination could fancy to be insults to my nationality. In one case, I harmlessly remarked to a grim old Frenchwoman that a great many people in the hotel were English, and she replied with a concentrated ferocity of scowl and emphasis that my pen cannot reproduce—"C'est dommage!" In the second instance, a wretched man wearing spurs was going upstairs after dark at Mentone railway station in front of me, and caught the sharp point of a spur in the pretty black *passanterie* on my grey cloth gown, and tore it. I said indignantly, as I saw him silently march on the moment I had torn my dress loose—"And you have not even the *decency* to beg pardon?" He replied, with a strong accent which was certainly not French, "*Non, ce n'est pas ma faute!*" But perhaps he would have been equally a boor had I not been English. Apart from these trivial incidents, I have neither seen nor received any "national insults." It is perfectly idle for anyone to abandon a foreign trip this year for fear of demonstrations of national disfavour.

Princess Maud of England, with her tall husband, Prince Charles of Denmark, have been walking about Mentone quite unattended and apparently unrecognised. Princess Beatrice drives often through both Monte Carlo and Mentone in the Empress Eugénie's great yellow chariot. Our poor Princess wears the deepest mourning, and looks so depressed! One cannot but deeply sympathise with her in the great break in her life; the sad loss of the one to whom she unceasingly paid the double duty of a daughter and a subject, and in whose state and whose vast interests she shared constantly. She has very unfortunately slipped and injured her foot, which must be an unfavourable influence in her recovery from the shock she has sustained. The Duke of Cambridge has been at Cannes, where he has paid much kindly attention to the touching group of our wounded officers who have been sent there in the hope that they may recruit their shattered health, many of them by the aid of a fund privately raised and administered by Lady Dudley.

Nearly all charities and philanthropic enterprises are complaining of lack of funds in consequence of the war



A LIGHT CLOTH GOWN Banded WITH GLACÉ.

demands. But the Zenana Mission hopefully chooses this moment to ask for an additional £20,000 to celebrate its jubilee by extending its operations. This mission sends trained English ladies, many of them with some medical and nursing knowledge, to India, to offer at one and the same time material aid, general education, and Gospel teaching to the shut-in women of the Zenanas. The fact that the Zenana Mission women are pledged to make every effort to teach the Christian faith differentiates this philanthropic effort from "Lady Dufferin's Fund," which is a secular medical charity pure and simple. People able to give any aid to the Indian women through either of these channels must judge for themselves whether the most useful and practical course to adopt is that of the Zenana Mission or that of Lady Dufferin's Fund, and bestow their gifts accordingly. FILOMENA.

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ECCLESIASTICAL
NOTES:

The Bishops of Winchester and Lichfield have left their dioceses for an after-Easter holiday, and the Bishop-elect of London will also be away from town till the date fixed for his enthronement.

Canon Newbolt is in residence at St. Paul's during April. Canon Lang is not expected to take up his duties at the Cathedral until May.

The Archbishop of York and Mrs. Maclagan have left Bishopthorpe Palace for the South of Europe, and will be absent during the early part of May. The Suffragan Bishops of Beverley and Hull are in charge of the diocese.

In collating Bishop Stirling to the vacant Canonry of Wells Cathedral, Bishop Kennion promised that the late Bishop of the Falkland Islands would find Wells a haven of rest, with peace and a hearty welcome awaiting him from everybody. As a matter of fact, the selection of Bishop Stirling has been received with disapproval in the diocese, where clergy and laity agree in censuring the Bishop's choice.

It is proposed to place a memorial to her late Majesty Queen Victoria in the church of St. Saviour, Southwark. The north transept window is filled with stained glass in memory of the Prince Consort, and it is hoped that the

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subscriptions may suffice for placing painted glass in the three lancet-windows on either side. Another appropriate memorial of our late beloved Sovereign will be the completion of Kew Parish Church.

Dr. Barnardo is slowly recovering from his recent severe illness. During the last three or four years his health has

frigid welcome from the Church papers. Among High Churchmen and Low Churchmen alike, the rule is not to approve too heartily any Crown appointment. The *Record* observes that the choice of Canon Lang does not seem particularly appropriate "outside the small group with whom the disposal of Crown patronage seems now to rest."—V.

more than once broken down under the heavy strain of his work; but as he is only fifty-six, and has a naturally vigorous constitution, his friends hope that a summer's rest will completely restore him.

Canon Hay Aitken has been presented by his friends with a cheque for £600 to meet the expenses of his removal to Norwich. Lord Kinnaird handed the cheque to Canon Aitken in the name of the subscribers, and Dean Lefroy made an admirable speech, in which he dwelt on Mr. Aitken's twenty-seven years of evangelistic service.

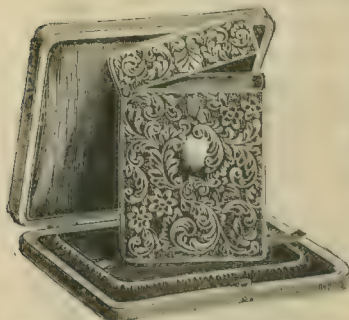
The Bible Society had hoped to secure the Bishop of London as the chief speaker at its May anniversary; but his Lordship has written that it will be impossible for him to accept the invitation for this year, owing to great press of business. He hopes to speak for the society on some future occasion.

The new Canon of St. Paul's has received a rather

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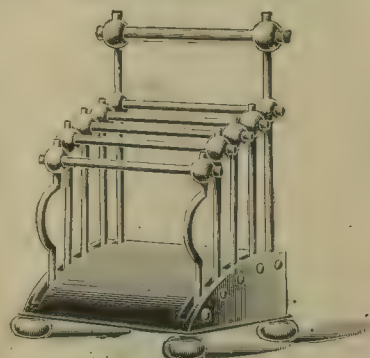
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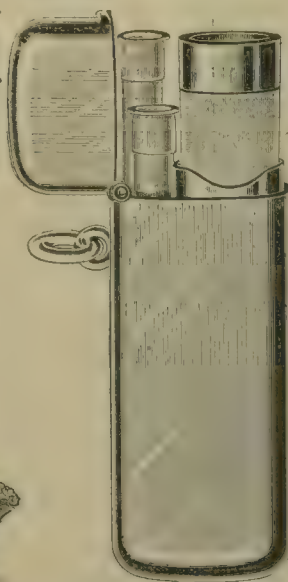
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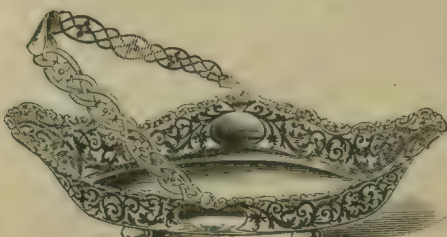
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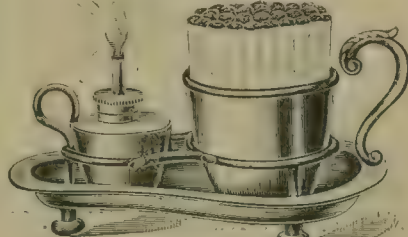
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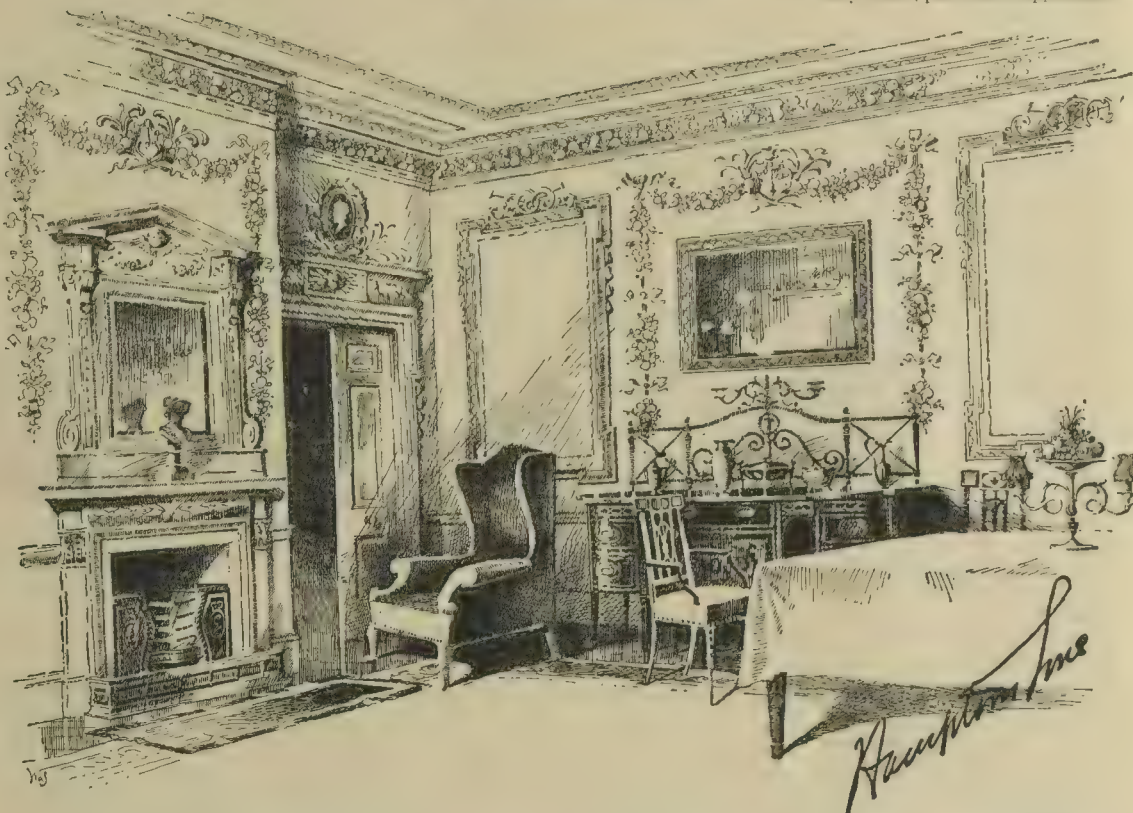
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and only recently has ordered two more for friends in Germany, who are themselves eminent musical critics. This certainly disposes of the question, although it fails to give the reason. The reason is equally clear.



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In this article there has been little attempt to explain how the Pianola is operated, the principal object being to show the desirability of the Pianola for every one who owns a piano, whether he be skilled in its use or not.

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THE FIRST MESSAGE FROM MARS.

THE CAPTURED BOER "CAPITAL."

Pietersburg, which General Plumer captured by a dashing movement on March '8, was another of the shifting "capitals" of what remains of the Boer authority under Mr. Schalk Burger. It lies 180 miles north-east of Pretoria, with which it was connected by the Pretoria-Pietersburg Railway, and for some time has been the base of supplies for the commandoes still in the field. At Pietersburg two well-equipped mills have been constantly at work grinding mealies and wheat for the troops. It was occupied last October by the Boers in their retreat from Machadodorp. The enemy took with them guns and a considerable store of ammunition, and bore the remnants of the Free State Treasury in a Cape cart. Mr. Steyn and other members of the defunct Boer Governments were then of the company. The choice of the town was not altogether made at hazard; for it was well situated for the maintenance of communications, especially during the time when the Boers commanded 120 miles of railway between Pietersburg and Warmbaths. It was also convenient in affording various lines of retreat. Pietersburg was the market town for the Low Country Goldfields and the Zoutspansberg district.

The Boer commandant at Boshof (there is a peculiar fitness in the name) has written a letter to a British officer explaining that he is confirmed in his resolve not to surrender by the opinions of "Stead, Olive Schreiner, Kate Courtney, General Bellairs," and other specialists in South African politics, including the "Council of the Dublin Commune." He thinks the Emperor William is now on the same side, together with the *Cologne Gazette*, which used to be so "pro-English."

ART NOTES.

The foreshadowings of a great man's genius, in whatever line it may be destined to show itself, excite interest as well as curiosity; and the interest is all the greater when the man himself is one who has lived among us. It is rather the memories they evoke of the man and of his work than their special excellence which will make the exhibition of Sir John Millais' early drawings, now brought together at the Fine Art Society's Gallery, attractive. We have here the first fruits of the future artist dating back to his eighth year, showing that even then he had read something

"Sir Isambard at the Ford," "Ferdinand lured by Ariel," "Mariana," "The Order of Release," "The Black Brunswick" and "The Huguenot," "The Eve of St. Agnes," and a few others, he made sketches; but they are, for the most part, notes or ideas apparently jotted down on the spur of the moment.

The pencil study of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who figures in the picture of "Lorenzo and Isabella," is more carefully finished, as is also that for "Ophelia." After 1854 the studies are very rare, but there are many fanciful sketches, and studies of children, dogs, and notes of travel, which show how his attention was attracted by external objects, and how ready he was to seize upon types or scenes, which he subsequently adapted or abandoned. From the latter category we get some idea of the pictures which he never painted, while from the former we can gather some idea of Millais' sense of humour. Two of his finished works, "Sir Isambard at the Ford"—one of his best works of the

Pre-Raphaelite period—and "Cymon and Iphigenia," are added to the collection, and are useful as showing how his taste or judgment modified his first thoughts. There is only one sketch which we think might with advantage have been omitted from the collection, as a matter of feeling, although some may think that it should have found a place in such a biographical record of the great painter's life. What one traces with the keenest regret is the steady decline of imaginative power, and the equally steady rise of commonplace thought, as suggested by the later designs for the Parables and, as might be more reasonably anticipated, for Anthony Trollope's novels.

The exhibition of the Society of British Artists is always more interesting when not limited to the works



PIETERSBURG, THE BOER "CAPITAL," CAPTURED BY COLONEL PLUMER.

By permission of "South Africa."

about Shakspeare's characters, and had been struck by Hogarth's drawings; while "The Mélé in the Banqueting Hall" and the scene from "Peveril of the Peak" bear witness to his having read and been inspired by Sir Walter Scott before he had reached his teens. Coming down a little later, we have evidence that, while studies from the antique were necessary to teach him strength and form, yet the armour and military costumes he found in the Tower of London attracted him more; and this preference is somewhat of a clue to his love for dramatic episodes, which manifested itself strongly in one period of his art. Unlike the majority of figure-painters, Millais seems to have abandoned the practice of making studies for his large pictures except during his Pre-Raphaelite period; and even of this only a few remain, principally for illustrations for *The Germ*. For such works as



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of Societarians. Rivalry with outsiders seems to stimulate the latter to better work than competition with each other, and out of nearly five hundred paintings in oils and water-colours, it would be strange if one did not come across something to one's taste. There is another peculiarity about the "British Artists." They have a happy knack of relegating to the staircase and vestibule some of the cleverest and most original of their body. This year it is Mr. Tom Browne who earns this distinction by nearly thirty studies of street-life at home and abroad, an interesting medley which is supported by Mr. Sylvester Stannard's nine efforts to represent "Nature's Moods."

In the Central Gallery Mr. J. J. Shannon's full-length portrait of Mrs. Harold Burke practically throws into the background all the rest of the contributions—a fatal instance of the use of the "purple patch," which in this case must be interpreted as a figured white silk dress, setting off to full advantage a bright eager face, painted with the author's accustomed *brío* and vigour. Mr. Sheard's large canvas, "The Outcast," seems intended to show the pictorial beauties of lilac-tinted snow under a warm evening glow, the pathetic element being thrown quite into the background; whilst the light in the cottage window cannot be justified upon grounds of strict economy. Mr. Vincent Yglesias' rendering of "Snow in Early Spring" is a less ambitious, and, on the whole, a more successful effort; but the trees at that season have



"SUNLIGHT" COTTAGES AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, GLASGOW.

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lost the russet tones of autumn. Mr. Graham Robertson does right in attempting to deal with the difficulties of patches of light as they fall through the leaves and flowers

on the child and "The Rabbit-Hutch," but the strong contrast of light and shadow somewhat spoils the decorative effect of the picture. Another picture which deserves special notice is Mr. W. Blundell Thompson's "Life Class," in which the tones and values of both model and students are carefully worked out, but it was a pity to introduce the figure suggestive of a "Peeping Tom." The President, Sir Wyke Bayliss, is, as usual, represented by a glorified cathedral-interior, and this year has selected Louvain as the object of polychromatic, nebulous treatment.

It is, however, to the smaller and less obtrusive canvases that one generally turns at this exhibition for signs of promise among the rising artists. Of these there is an unusually fair show, but it is impossible in the limits of our space to do more than mention them. Mr. Fitzmarshall's "Poacher's Dog" is cleverly drawn and the pheasant well painted. Mr. J. H. Bentley's "Portrait of a Gentleman" (query, Mr. Arnold-Forster) is bright; that by Mr. J. J. Alsop of a young girl is vivacious; that of the lady in "The Morning Bath" (her canary's) is good in pose and colour. Mr. Arthur Ryle has succeeded in giving a touch of weirdness to "The House on the Marsh," without destroying the real landscape effect; while in his "Summer Days on Sutherland Shores" he has caught the bright but varied colours of the clear Northern sky.

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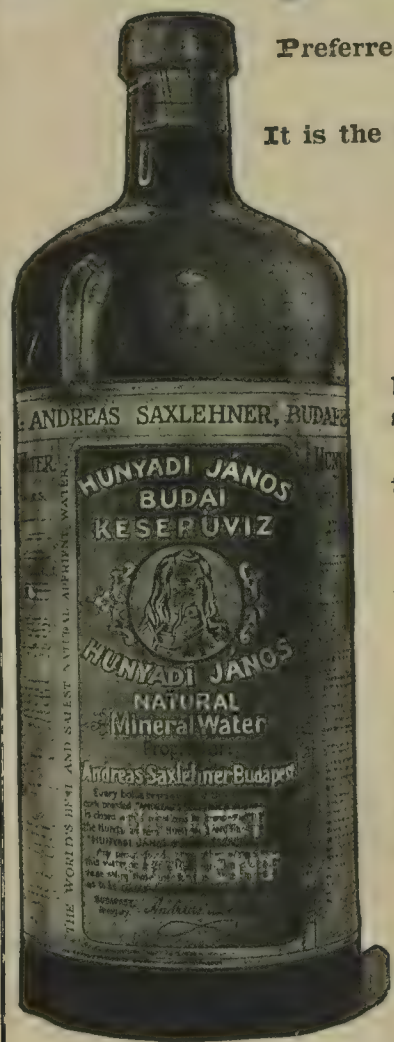
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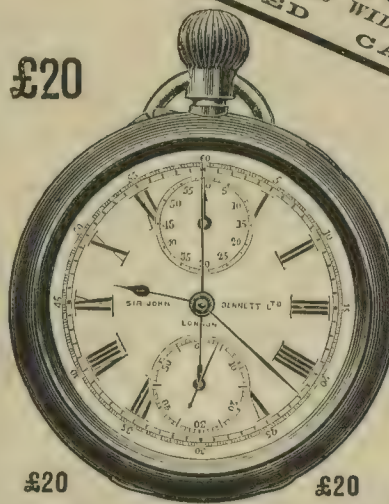
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 12, 1895), with a codicil (dated Oct. 11, 1898), of Mr. David Evans, of Dalewood, Mickleham, Surrey, and 1, Wood Street, E.C., who died on Jan. 9, was proved on April 3 by George Evans, the brother, Frank Stuther Jackson, and James Wilson, the executors, the value of the estate being £218,488. The testator gives an annuity of £3000, and the use, for life, of his residence, with the furniture and household effects therein, to his wife; £500 each to his brother George Evans and Frank Stuther Jackson; certain furniture and an annuity of £50 to his sister Sarah Elizabeth Lloyd; annuities of £50 each to his sisters Emily, Annie, and Fanny Evans; an annuity of £100 to John Boyce; and £200 per annum to James Wilson, while he shall act as executor. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his two daughters Mrs. Marian Tomkins and Leticia Gwendoline Evans.

The will (dated April 5, 1878), with a codicil (dated Feb. 14, 1901), of Miss Hannah Harvie, of 19, Lansdown Crescent, Cheltenham, who died on Feb. 28, was proved in the Gloucester District Registry on March 20 by Benjamin London, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £140,052. The testatrix gives £5000 each to the Cancer Hospital (Fulham Road), the British Home for Incurables (Clapham Rise), the Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, the Royal National Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest (Ventnor), the Royal Blind Asylum and School (Edinburgh), and the Scottish Society

for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; £2000 each to St. Mary's Hospital (Paddington), the Great Northern Hospital (Caledonian Road), the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the National Life-Boat Institution; and £1000 each to the London Society for Teaching the Blind, the City of London Truss Society, the Dental Hospital of London (Leicester Square), the Victoria Hospital for Sick Children, the Hospital for Sick Children (Great Ormond Street), the School Ship Society, the ship Cornwall (Purfleet), the Royal Edinburgh Hospital for Sick Children (Lauriston Lane, Edinburgh), the General Hospital (Birmingham), the Queen's Hospital (Birmingham), the Free Hospital for Sick Children (Birmingham), the General Institution for the Blind (Edgbaston), the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb (Edgbaston), the Birmingham and Midland Counties Sanatorium, the Protestant Dissenting Charity Schools (Birmingham), the Birmingham and Midland Counties Training Institution for Nurses, the Cheltenham General Hospital and Dispensary, the Cheltenham Female Orphan Asylum, the Greenock Hospital and Institution, the West of England Sanatorium (Weston-super-Mare), and the National Sanatorium for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest (Bournemouth). Subject to legacies amounting to about £10,000, she leaves the residue of her property to Mrs. Mary Ann Douglas, or in the event of her death, then to her children.

The will (dated July 23, 1892), with six codicils (dated Jan. 14 and 17, 1895, Dec., 1896, Dec. 31, 1897, May 9,

1899, and Oct. 2, 1900), of Mr. James Henry Porteus Oakes, D.L., J.P., of Nowton Court, Nowton, Suffolk, formerly M.P. for the borough of Bury St. Edmunds, who died on Jan. 22, was proved on April 4 by Donald John Munro and Algernon Beckford Bevan, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £73,148. The testator devises all his real estate to his nephew Orbell Henry Oakes, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons according to seniority in tail male, but this devise to his nephew is to be upon the condition that he re-settles the whole of the family estates within eighteen months of the testator's death. He bequeaths £13,500 each, upon trust, for his nephews Reginald Oakes and the Rev. Beilby Porteus Oakes; £500 and an annuity of £100 to his valet, Johann Fritz Möres; £700 and an annuity of £25 to his gardener, Frederick Ungless; and a few small legacies. The residue of his property is to follow the trusts of his real estate.

The will (dated Jan. 14, 1899) of Mr. Robert Stockil, J.P., of Doncaster, who died on Dec. 18, has been proved by Richard Ecroyd Clark, James William Hainsworth, and John Bull, the executors, the value of the estate being £67,609. The testator gives £5000, upon trust, for promoting the interests and welfare of the Doncaster Grammar School; £1000, upon trust, for the repair of the outside of St. George's Church, Doncaster; £500 to the Doncaster Free Library, to be laid out in the acquisition of high-class literature; £300 to the Railway Benevolent Institution; and £200 each to the Doncaster General Infirmary and

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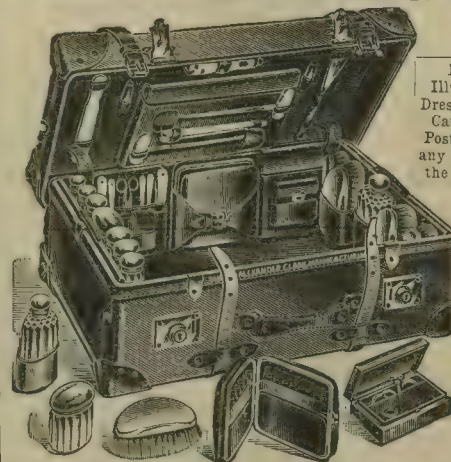
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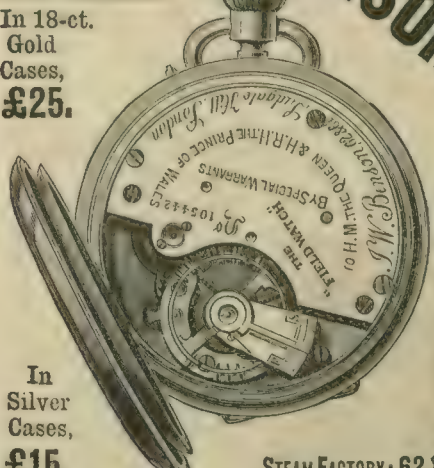
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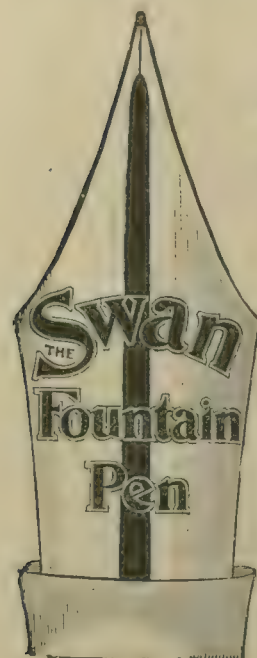
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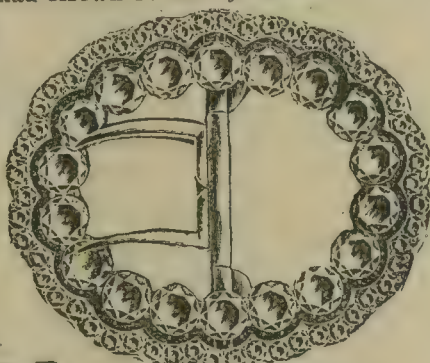
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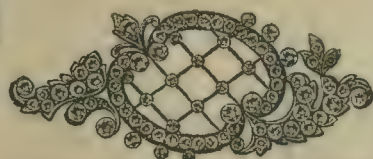


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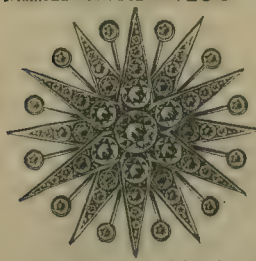
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The will (dated Oct. 31, 1899) of Mr. Restel Ratsey Bevis, of Manor Hill, Birkenhead, who died on Feb. 10, was proved on March 19 at the Chester District Registry by Mrs. Jane Bevis, the widow, Restel Ratsey Bevis, the son, Gertrude Rosa Bevis, the daughter, and Hugh James Sanderson, the executors, the value of the estate being

£66,476. The testator gives £4600 each to his daughters Annie Jane Aspinall, Rhoda Dagmar Richardson, Hilda Bretherton, Katherine Dickson, and Ada Louisa Keer; £1000 to his daughter Mary Stansmore Nutting; £1000 to his son Restel Ratsey Bevis; £4000 to his son Guy Bevis; and £6000 each to his daughters Ethel, Gertrude Rosa, and Eva Verona. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife.

The will (dated Dec. 29, 1885), with two codicils (dated Aug. 11, 1890, and Sept. 10, 1891), of Mr. William Rowntree, J.P., of Westwood Villa, Westwood, Scarborough, who died on Jan. 26, was proved on March 19 at the York District Registry by Mrs. Mary Stickney Rowntree, the widow, and William Stickney Rowntree and James Henry Rowntree, the sons, the executors, the value of the estate being £58,027 16s. 1d. The testator gives a policy of insurance on his life, his furniture and household

effects, and £1000 per annum to his wife; and there are gifts to his sons and sister. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to his sons during the life of his wife, and at her death for all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated July 27, 1894) of Mr. Charles James Churcher, of 303, Walworth Road, who died on Jan. 31, was proved on March 5 by Charles James Churcher, the son, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £21,318. The testator bequeaths £500 to his wife; £750 to his daughter Florence; £500 each to his sons Charles James and Thomas Gillard, and to his daughter Ellen Flowers; £100 each to his son-in-law Robert Flowers and his daughters-in-law Maggie and Emily; and his leasehold shop and business and stock-in-trade to his son Charles James. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife.

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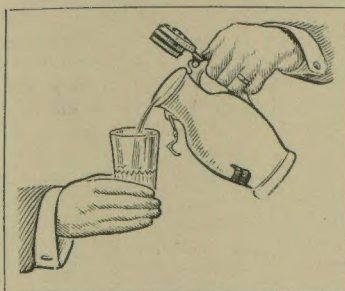
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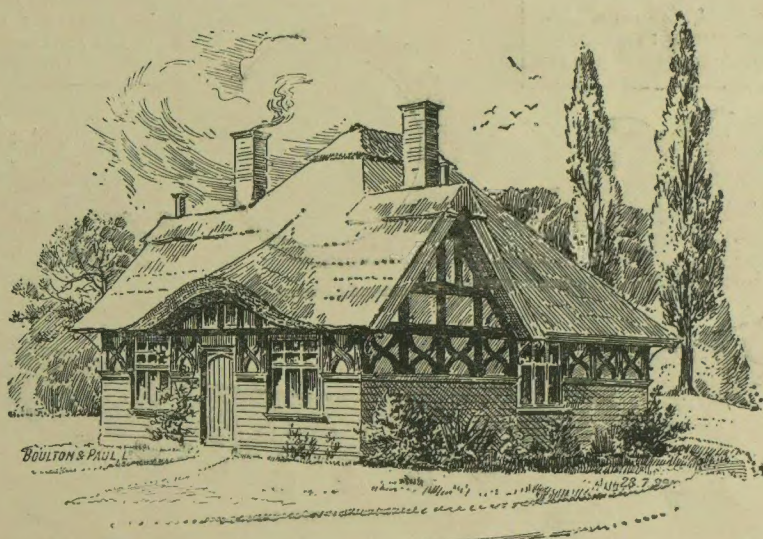
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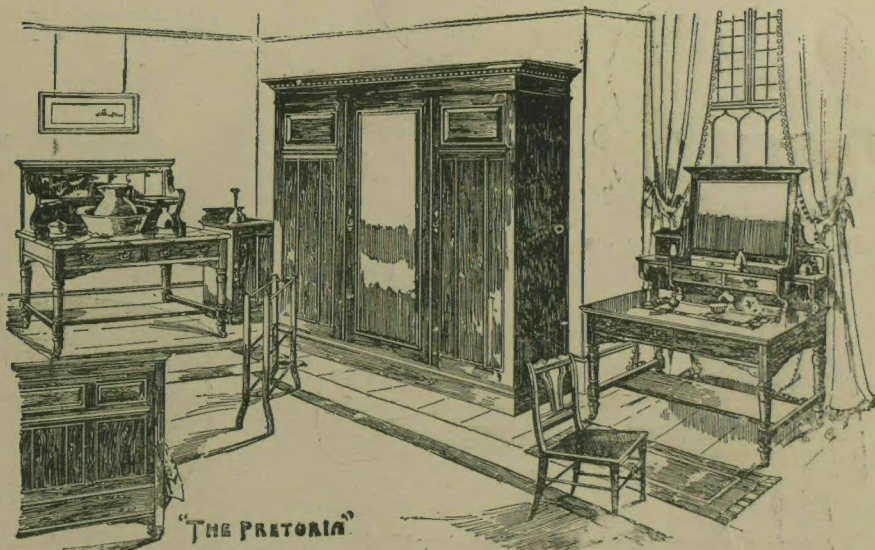
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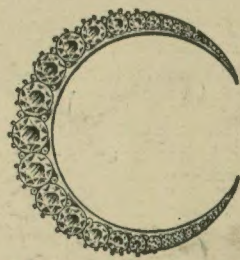
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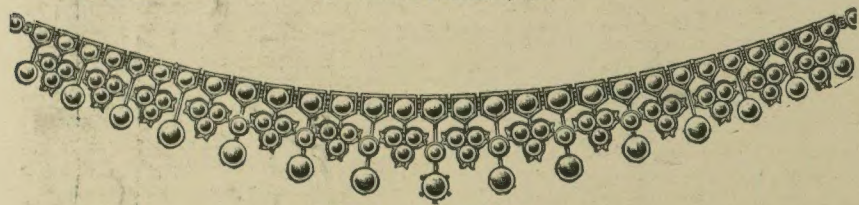
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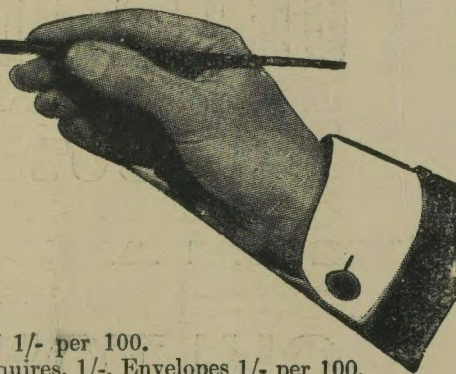
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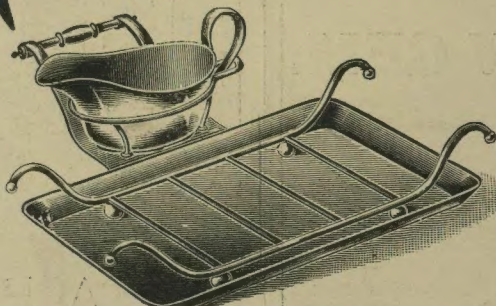
Chairman: J. NEWTON MAPPIN.



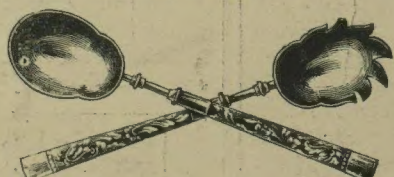
Butter Dish, in Cut Glass, with "Prince's Plate" Tray and Cover, Ebony Knob, £1 5s. Sterling Silver, £4 5s.



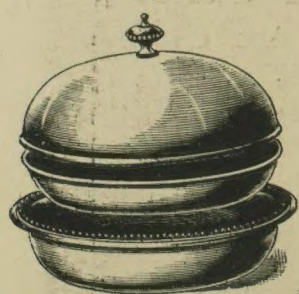
Claret Jug, Plain, all Sterling Silver, Antique Style, £10 10s.



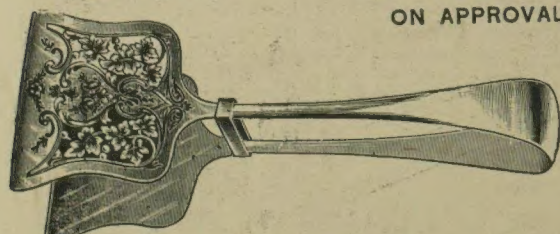
The "Jersey" Combination Asparagus Rack and Tray and Sauce Boat.
In "Prince's Plate," £3 5s. In Sterling Silver, £12 10s.
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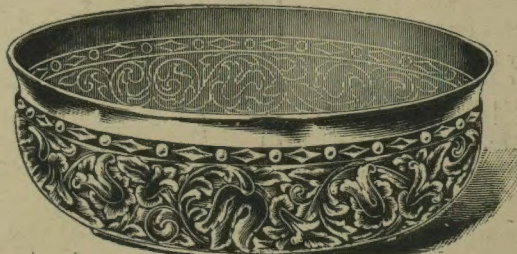


Muffin Dish, in "Prince's Plate," with Hot-water part, £1 15s. Sterling Silver, £3 5s.



Asparagus Server, with Richly Engraved and Pierced Blades, "Prince's Plate," £1 6s. Sterling Silver, £4 5s. Any regular Spoon-pattern Handle to order.

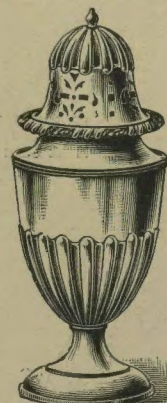
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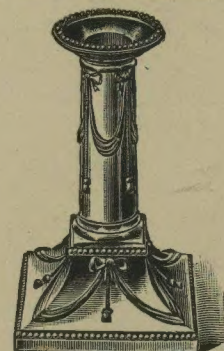
Sterling Silver Salad Bowl, Richly Chased, Interior Richly Gilt, £10.

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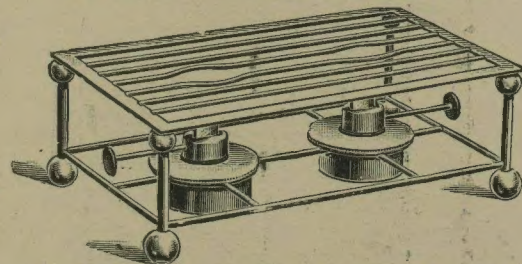
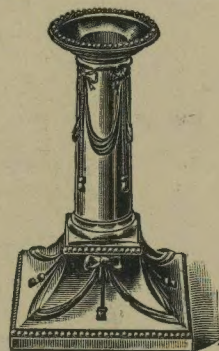
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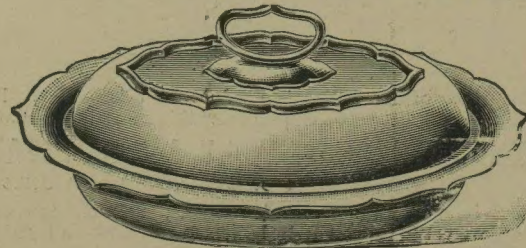
Handsomely Fluted Sterling Silver Sugar Dredger, 8 in. high, £6 5s.



Piano Candlesticks, Richly Chased in Relief. Sterling Silver, 5½ in. high, £4. "Prince's Plate," 5½ in. high, £2 8s.



"Prince's Plate" Stand, for Coffee Pots, Entrée and Breakfast Dishes, &c. Size 10 by 6 in., with two Lamps, £2 15s.



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Oval Entrée Dish, James I. Style, 11½ in. long.
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